



Very truly,
Alvin Jones.

Mess^{rs} Moore & Bernard.

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HAMLET.

No. 1

OF THE

EDWIN FORREST EDITION

OF

Shakspearian and other Plays,

CORRECTLY MARKED, WITH THE KIND PERMISSION OF

THE EMINENT TRAGEDIAN,

FROM HIS OWN PROMPT BOOK,

AND AS ACTED BY HIM IN THE

PRINCIPAL CITIES OF THE UNITED STATES,

Under the Management of

JAMES M. NIXON, ESQ.

The Publishers in presenting this New Edition to the public and profession, deem it a duty to state that they are indebted to EDWIN FORREST, ESQ., for not only his kindness in the use of his books, but also that each receives his personal revision in proof, before going to press, consequently they are verbatim as presented.

—♦♦♦—
PORTRAIT AND

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—♦♦♦—
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The Publishers believing that the want of a strictly correct edition of the Plays of Shakspeare, as they are acted at the present day, which might serve the purpose of mentor and guide, has long been felt by the public, and particularly by the members of the theatrical profession, have endeavored to supply the want, and present this work as the first result of their efforts. It is

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED

TO

EDWIN FORREST, ESQ.

as an humble tribute to the genius of the greatest impersonator and expounder living, of the works of the immortal bard, and a recognition of kindly assistance received from him. In making the corrections and interpolations (from the original text) his knowledge and research were invaluable; and the unusual facility afforded by his private library (the finest Shakspearian in the world) have enabled the Publishers to perfect a work which they can present with confidence to the public.

WM. A. MOORE & C. S. BERNARD.

NEW YORK, 1860.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

As performed at the Boston Academy of Music.

HAMLET	Mr. E. FORREST.
POLONIUS.....	MR. MARK SMITH.
CLAUDIUS.....	MR. W. CARTER.
GHOST.....	MR. J. H. ALLAN.
LAERTES.....	MR. J. McCULLOUGH.
HORATIO.....	MR. J. H. COLLIER.
OSRIC.....	MR. C. B. HARRISON.
ROSENCRANTZ.....	MR. H. H. WALL.
GUILDENSTERN.....	MR. J. M. WARD.
MARCELLUS.....	MR. G. BECKS.
FRANCISCO.....	MR. R. STEVENS.
BERNARDO.....	MR. J. TAYLOR.
PLAYER KING.....	MR. N. C. FORRESTER.
PRIEST.....	MR. A. WILKINS.
FIRST GRAVEDIGGER.....	MR. JAMES MARTIN.
SECOND GRAVEDIGGER.....	MR. E. T. CLINTON.
LUCIANUS.....	MR. J. WILSON.
GERTRUDE.....	MRS. FARREN.
OPHELIA.....	MRS. GLADSTONE.
PLAYER QUEEN.....	MRS. LE BRUN.

As performed at Niblo's Garden, N. Y.

HAMLET , Prince of Denmark.....	Mr. FORREST.
CLAUDIUS, King of Denmark.....	MR. F. CANOLL.
THE GHOST.....	MR. F. B. CONWAY.
LAERTES.....	MR. W. A. DONALDSON.
HORATIO.....	MR. D. HARKINS.
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PLAYER KING.....	MR. T. E. MORRIS.
OSRIC.....	MR. A. W. FENNO.
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GUILDENSTERN.....	MR. COOKE.
MARCELLUS.....	MR. BECKS.
BERNARDO.....	MR. TAYLOR.
FRANCISCO.....	MR. GOULDSON.
LUCIANUS, Second Actor.....	MR. ELLIS.
THIRD ACTOR.....	MR. KING.
FIRST GRAVEDIGGER.....	MR. J. MARTIN.
SECOND GRAVEDIGGER.....	MR. ANDREWS.
PRIEST.....	MR. LEIGH.
QUEEN.....	MAD. PONISI.
OPHELIA.....	MRS. F. B. CONWAY.
PLAYER QUEEN.....	MRS. LE BRUN.
SECOND ACTRESS.....	MISS PYNE.

As performed at the Academy of Music, Philadelphia.

HAMLET	Mr. E. FORREST.
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OPHELIA.....	MRS. GLADSTONE.
PLAYER QUEEN.....	MRS. LE BRUN.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

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Written Letters

No 1.	Page	25
No 2.	"	21.

Faint, mirrored handwritten text from the reverse side of the page, appearing as bleed-through.

1

Francisco partisan

Bernardo partisan

Horatio

Marcellus partisan

Ghost truncation

Call Drum and Trumpet - act -

Lights Down.

Strike 12 on Large Bell as

Curtain rises slow.

Ring on the 1st Stroke.

1

HAMLET.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Elsinore.—A Platform near the Palace.—
Night.—FRANCISCO at his Post, R.

Enter BERNARDO, L.

Ber. (L.) Who's there? — without I.H.

Fran. Nay, answer me:—stand, and unfold yourself.

Ber. Long live the king! — without I.H.

Fran. Bernardo?

Ber. He. — Enter Bernardo I.I.E.

Fran. You come most carefully upon your hour.

Ber. (L. c.) 'Tis now struck twelve; get thee to bed,
Francisco.

Fran. (R. c.) For this relief, much thanks:—'tis bitter
cold,

And I am sick at heart. crosses to F.

Ber. Have you had quiet guard?

Fran. (L. c.) Not a mouse stirring.

Ber. (R.) Well, good night.

If you do meet Horatio and Marcellus,
The rivals of my watch, bid them make haste.

Fran. I think I hear them. Stand, ho! (L.) Who is
there? — goes out S.

Enter HORATIO and MARCELLUS, L.

Hor. (L.) Friends to this ground.

Mar. (R.) And liegemen to the Dane.

Fran. Give you good night.

Mar. Oh, farewell, honest soldier!

Who hath relieved you?

without S.H.

Fran. Bernardo hath my place
Give you good night.

Mar. Holloa! Bernardo!

Ber. Say,

What, is Horatio there?

Hor. A piece of him

[Giving his hand.]

Ber. Welcome, Horatio; welcome, good Marcellus.

Hor. What, has this thing appeared again to-night?

Ber. I have seen nothing.

Mar. (L. c.) Horatio says, 'tis but our fantasy:

And will not belief take hold of him,

Touching this dreaded sight, twice seen of us;

Therefore I have entreated him along

With us to watch the minutes of this night;

That if again this apparition come,

He may approve our eyes, and speak to it.

Hor. (R. c.) Tush! tush! 'twill not appear.

Ber. Come, let us once again assail your ears,

That are so fortified against our story,

What we two nights have seen.

Hor. (c.) Well, let us hear Bernardo speak of this.

Ber. Last night of all,

When you same star, that's westward from the pole

Had made his course to illumine that part of heaven

Where it now burns, Marcellus, and myself,

The bell then beating one,—

Mar. (c.) Peace, break thee off; look, where it comes
again!

Enter GHOST, L.

Ber. In the same figure, like the king that's dead.

Hor. (R. c.) Most like:—it harrows me with fear and
wonder. — Ghost stops.

Ber. It would be spoke to.

Mar. Speak to it, Horatio.

Hor. What art thou, that usurp'st this time of night,

Together with that fair and warlike form,

In which the majesty of buried Denmark

Did sometimes march? By heaven, I charge thee, speak.

Mar. It is offended.

✗ [Ghost crosses to R.] ✗

Enter Horatio & Marcellus I.H

crosses to G

2

King Truncheon.

Queen

Polonius white wand.

Hamlet act

Saertes

6 Ladies

6 Lords.

4 Pages

when ghost appears Mar. Ber's

Hor. start into a picture of great

wonder.

✗ Ghost crosses to R.

Ber. See ! it stalks away.

Hor. Stay ; speak ; speak, I charge thee, speak !

[Exit Ghost, R. I. E.]

Mar. 'Tis gone, and will not answer.

Ber. How now, Horatio ? you tremble and look pale :
Is not this something more than fantasy ?
What think you of it ?

Hor. (R.) I might not this believe,
Without the sensible and true avouch
Of mine own eyes.

Mar. (C.) Is it not like the king ?

Hor. As thou art to thyself :
Such was the very armor he had on,
When he the ambitious Norway combated.

Mar. Thus, twice before, and jump at this dead hour,
With martial stalk he hath gone by our watch.

Hor. In what particular thought to work, I know not ;
But, in the gross and scope of mine opinion,
This bodes some strange eruption to our state.

[Re-enter GHOST, L. I. E.]

But, soft ; behold ! lo, where it comes again !
I'll cross it, though it blast me. (Ghost crosses to R.) Stay,
illusion !

If thou hast any sound or use of voice,
Speak to me :
If there be any good thing to be done,
That may to thee do ease, and grace to me,
Speak to me. (L. C.)

[Ghost stops at R.]

If thou art privy to thy country's fate,
Which, happily, fore-knowing may avoid,
Oh, speak !
Or, if thou hast uphoarded in thy life
Extorted treasure in the womb of the earth,
For which, they say, you spirits oft walk in death,
Speak of it : † (Exit Ghost, L.)—stay, and speak.

Mar. 'Tis gone !

[We do it wrong, being so majestic,
To offer it the show of violence.]

Ber. It was about to speak, when the cock crew.

Hor. (R.) And then it started like a guilty thing

Ready Honnish

Ready at Lights

† Ghost partially turns to
him as if to speak - then
exits quickly R I E

Upon a fearful summons. I have heard,
The cock, that is the trumpet of the morn,
Doth, with his lofty and shrill-sounding throat,
Awake the god of day; and, at his warning,
Whether in sea or fire, in earth or air,
The extravagant and erring spirit hies
To his confine.

But, look, the morn, in russet mantel clad
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill:
Break we our watch up; (Crosses, L.) and, by my advice,
Let (L. c.) us impart what we have seen to-night
Unto young Hamlet; for, upon my life,
This spirit, dumb to us, will speak to him. [Exeunt, L.]

SCENE II.—The Palace.—Flourish of Trumpets.

Enter POLONIUS, the KING, QUEEN, HAMLET, Ladies and
Attendants, L., LAERTES, R., and stand thus:

R. LAERTES. POLON. KING. QUEEN. HAMLET. L.

King. (c.) Though yet of Hamlet, our dear brother's
death,

The memory be green; and that it us befitted
To bear our hearts in grief, and our whole kingdom
To be contracted in one brow of woe;
Yet so far hath discretion fought with nature,
That we, with wisest sorrow, think on him,
Together with remembrance of ourselves.
Therefore, our sometime sister, now our queen,
The imperial jointress of this warlike state,
Have we, as 'twere with a defeated joy,
Taken to wife; nor have we herein barred
Your better wisdoms, which have freely gone
With this affair along: for all, our thanks.—
And now, Laertes, what's the news with you?
You told us of some suit.—What is't, Laertes?

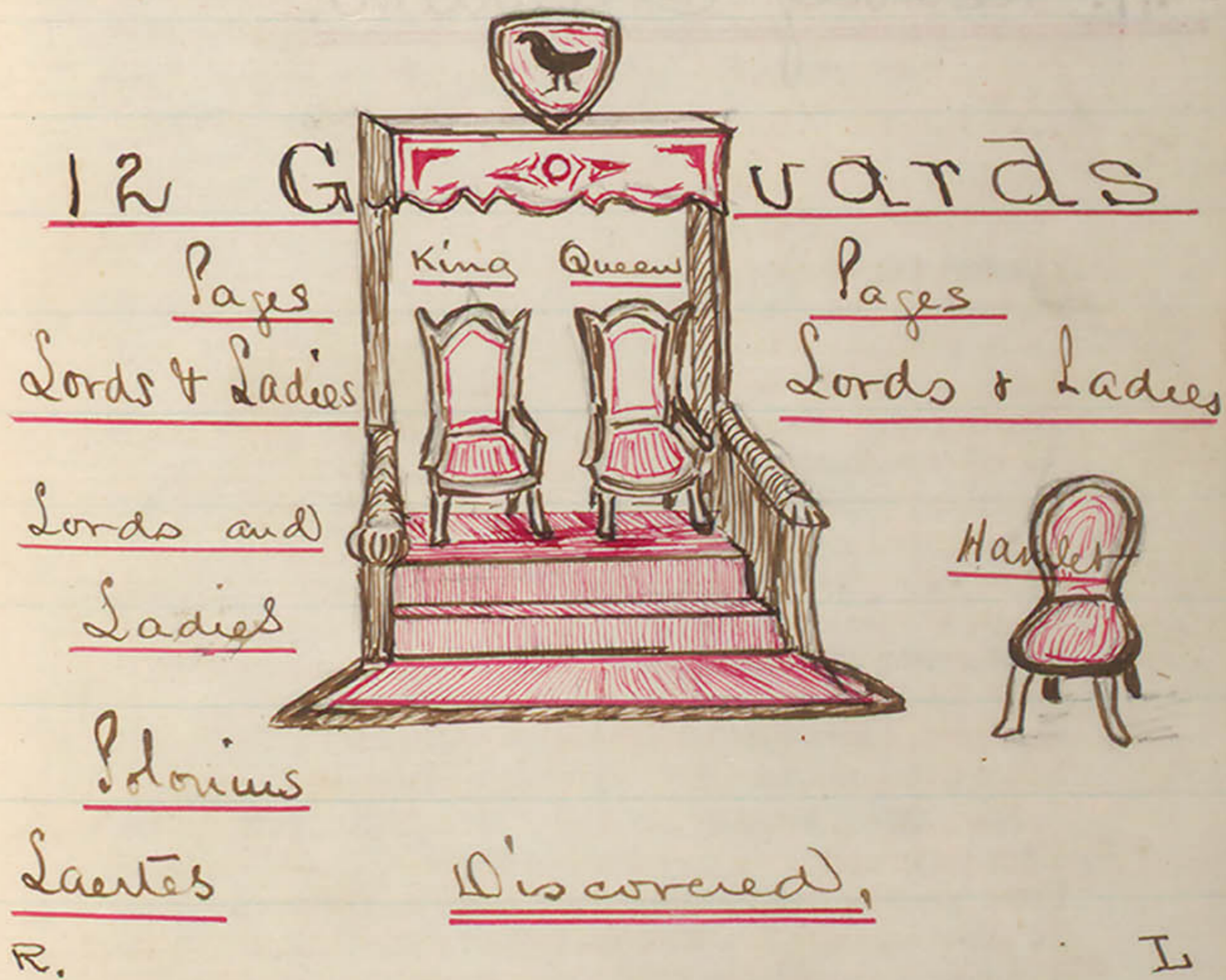
Laer. My dread Lord,
Your leave and favor to return to France;
From whence, though willingly, I came to Denmark,
To show my duty in your coronation;
Yet now, I must confess, that duty done,

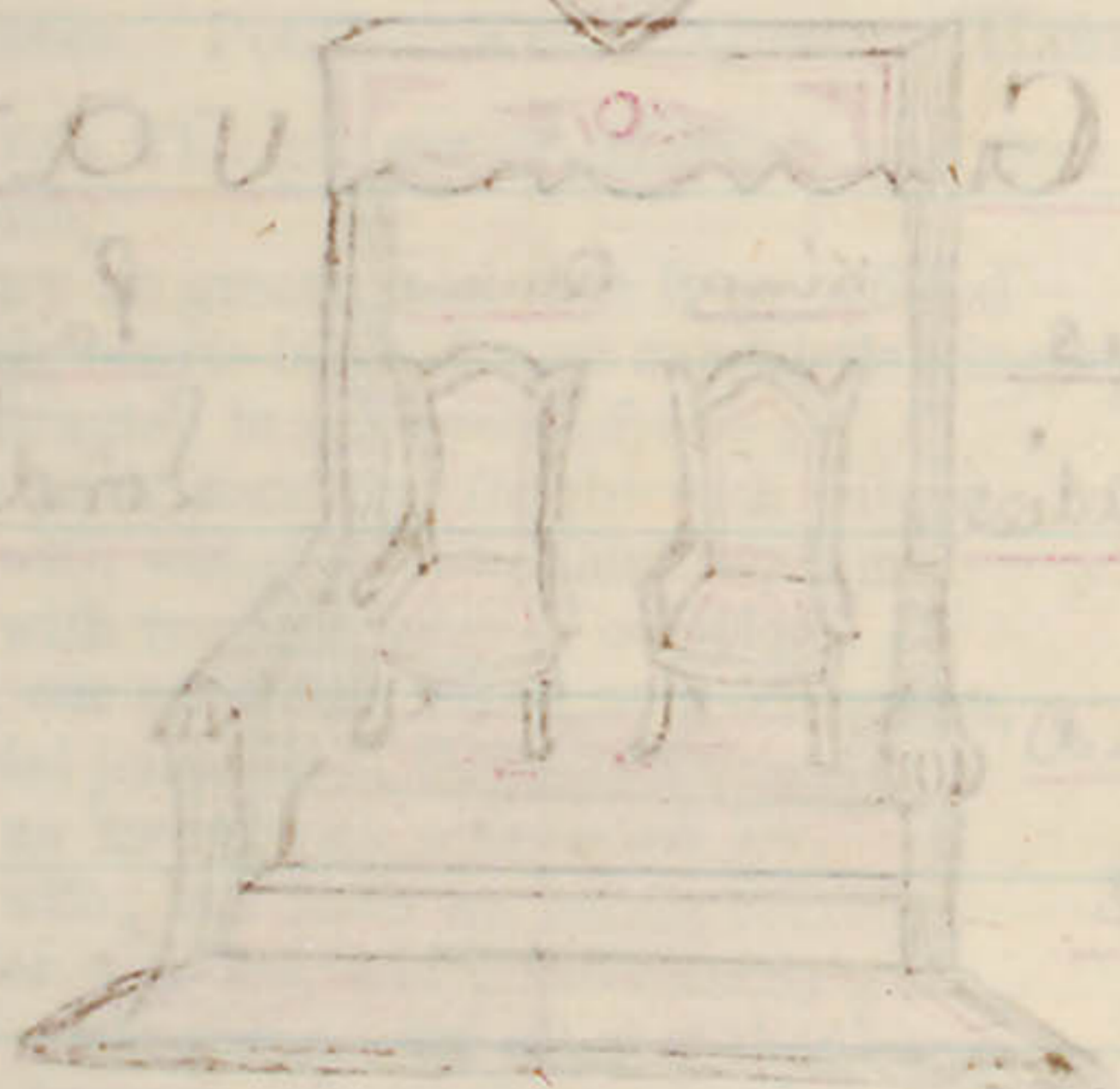


Border lights a little.

Lights up when Change

Flourish - all bow.



HoratioMarcellus.Bernardo.○ King rises and comes down.‡ Ready Blowish,

HAMLET.

My thoughts and wishes bend again toward France,
And bow them to your gracious leave and pardon.

King. Have you your father's leave? What says Polonius?

Pol. He hath, my Lord;
I do beseech you, give him leave to go.

King. Take thy fair hour, Laertes; time be thine,
And thy best graces; spend it at thy will. ○
But now, my cousin Hamlet, and my son—

Ham. A little more than kin, and less than kind.

[Aside.

King. How is it that the clouds still hang on you?

Ham. Not so, my Lord; I am too much i' the sun.

Queen. Good Hamlet, cast thy nightly color off,
And let thine eye look like a friend on Denmark.
Do not, forever, with thy veiled lids,
Seek for thy noble father in the dust:
Thou know'st 'tis common; all that live must die,
Passing through nature to eternity.

Ham. Ay, madam, it is common.

Queen. If it be,

Why seems it so particular with thee? ‡

Ham. Seems, madam! nay, it is; I know not seems.
'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother,
Nor customary suits of solemn black,
Nor the dejected 'havior of the visage,
No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,
Together with all forms, modes, shows of grief,
That can denote me truly: these, indeed, seem,
For they are actions that a man might play;
But I have that within, which passeth show;
These but the trappings and the suits of woe.

King. 'Tis sweet and commendable in your nature,
Hamlet,

To give these mourning duties to your father:
But, you must know, your father lost a father;
That father lost, lost his; and the survivor bound
In filial obligation for some term,
To do obsequious sorrow; but to persevere
In obstinate condolment, is a course
Of impious stubbornness; 'tis unmanly grief;

It shows a will most incorrect to heaven.

We pray you, throw to earth

• This unprevailing woe, and think of us

As of a father : for let the world take note,

You are the most immediate to our throne,

Our chiefest courtier, cousin, and our son. ○

Queen. Let not thy mother lose her prayers, Hamlet,
I pray thee, stay with us, go to Wittenberg.

Ham. I shall, in all my best, obey you, madam

King. Why, 'tis a loving and a fair reply ;

Be as ourself in Denmark. Madam, come ;

This gentle and unforced accord of Hamlet

Sits smiling to my heart : in grace whereof,

No jocund health, that Denmark drinks to-day,

But the great cannon to the clouds shall tell,

Re-speaking earthly thunder. [*Flourish of Trumpets.*]

[*Exeunt in the following order, viz. 1st, Polonius,*

with a White Rod, formally leading the way ;

2d, the King and Queen ; 3d, Laertes ; 4th, male

and female Attendants. R 1" E. Guards R + L. U. E.

Ham. (*Standing alone, L.*) Oh that this too, too solid
flesh would melt,

Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew !

Or that the everlasting had not fixed

His canon 'gainst self-slaughter ! God ! O God !

How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable,

Seem to me all the uses of this world !

Fie on't ! O fie ! (c.) 'Tis an unweeded garden,

That grows to seed ; things rank and gross in nature,

Possess it merely. That it should come to this !

But two months dead !—nay, not so much, not two—

So excellent a king ; that was, to this,

Hyperion to satyr ; so loving to my mother,

That he might not between the winds of heaven

Visit her face too roughly. Heaven and earth !

Must I remember ? Why, she would hang on him,

As if increase of appetite had grown

By what it fed on—and yet, within a month—

Let me not think on't ;—Frailty, thy name is woman !—

A little month ; or ere those shoes were old,

With which she followed my poor father's body,

○ Flourish till Hamlet bows.

Flourish till all exit.

Like Niobe, all tears ;—why she, even she,—
 O heaven ! a beast that wants discourse of reason
 Would have mourn'd longer,—married with mine uncle,
 My father's brother ; but no more like my father
 Than I to Hercules. Within a month ;
 Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears
 Had left their flushing in her galled eye,
 She married : O most wicked speed, to post
 With such dexterity to incestuous sheets ;
 It is not, nor it cannot come to, good ;—
 But break, my heart : (L.) for I must hold my tongue !

Enter HORATIO,¹ MARCELLUS,² and BERNARDO,³ R. I. E.

Hor. (R.) Hail to your Lordship !

Ham. I am glad to see you well :

Horatio—or I do forget myself ?

Hor. The same, my Lord, and your poor servant ever.

Ham. (R.) Sir, my good friend ; I'll change that name
 with you.

And what make you from Wittenberg, Horatio ?—
 Marcellus !

Mar. (R.) My good Lord—

Ham. (C.) I am very glad to see you—⁹ Good even, sir.—
 (to Ber.) But what, in faith, make you from Wittenberg ?

Hor. (L. C.) A truant disposition, good my lord.

[Marcellus and Bernardo stand, R.]

Ham. I would not hear your enemy say so ;
 Nor shall you do mine ear that violence,
 To make it truster of your own report
 Against yourself : I know you are no truant.
 But, what is your affair in Elsinore ?

We'll teach you to drink deep, ere you depart.

Hor. My lord, I came to see your father's funeral.

Ham. I pray thee, do not mock me, fellow-student ;
 I think it was to see my mother's wedding.

Hor. Indeed, my lord, it followed hard upon.


Ham. Thrift, thrift, Horatio ! the funeral baked meats
 Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.
 Would I had met my dearest foe in heaven,
 Or ever I had seen that day, Horatio !
 My father—methinks, I see my father. ❄️

◆ Horatio goes to Hamlet.

◎ Shakes hands with Marcellus
 and bows to Bernardo.

⚡ Hor, Mar. + Ber look in-
 tently to where Hamlet points.

Hor. Where,
My lord?

Ham. In my mind's eye, Horatio! 

Hor. I saw him once: he was a goodly king.

Ham. He was a man, take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again. (c.)

Hor. (R. c.) My lord, I think I saw him yesternight.

Ham. (L.) Saw! who?

Hor. My lord, the king, your father.

Ham. The king, my father!

Hor. Season your admiration for awhile
With an attent ear; till I may deliver,
Upon the witness of these gentlemen,
This marvel to you.

Ham. (c.) For heaven's love, let me hear.

Hor. (c.) Two nights together had these gentlemen,
Marcellus and Bernardo, on their watch,
In the dead waist and middle of the night,
Been thus encountered;—a figure like your father,
Armed at point, exactly cap-à-pé,
Appears before them, and, with solemn march,
Goes slow and stately by them: thrice he walked,
By their oppressed and fear-surprised eyes,
Within his truncheon's length; whilst they, distilled
Almost to jelly with the act of fear,
Stand dumb and speak not to him. This to me
In dreadful secrecy impart they did;
And I with them, the third night, kept the watch:
Where, as they had delivered, both in time,
Form of the thing, each word made true and good,
The apparition comes.

Ham. But where was this?

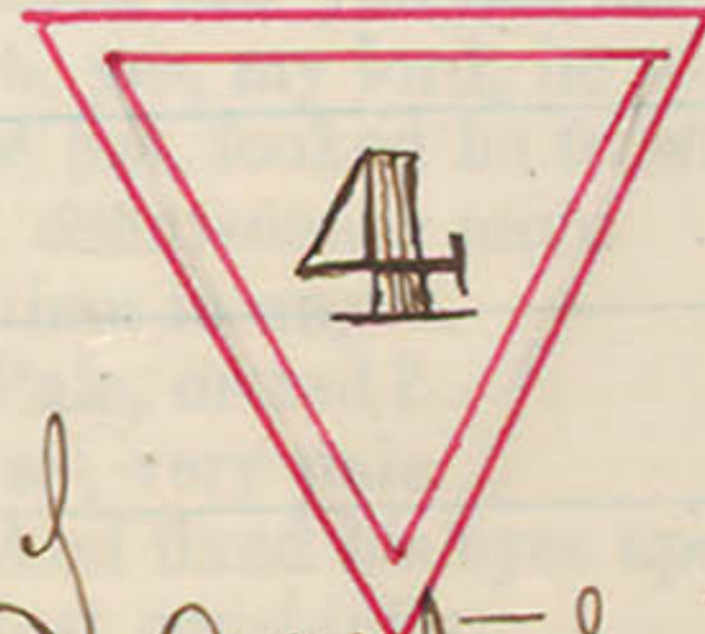
Mar. My lord, upon the platform where we watched.

Ham. Did you not speak to it? [To Horatio.]

Hor. (L.) My lord, I did;

But answer made it none; yet once, methought,
It lifted up its head, and did address
Itself to motion, like as it would speak;
But, even then, the morning cock crew loud;—
And, at the sound, it shrunk in haste away,
And vanished from our sight.

☺ All smiles,



Laertes

Ophelia

Polonius,

Ham. 'Tis very strange.

Hor. As I do live, my honored lord, 'tis true ;
And we did think it writ down in our duty,
To let you know of it.

Ham. (R. c.) Indeed, indeed, sirs : but this troubles me.—
Hold you the watch to-night? [To Bernardo and Mar.]

Mar. We do, my lord.

Ham. Armed, say you ?

Mar. Armed, my lord.

Ham. From top to toe ?

Mar. My lord, from head to foot.

Ham. Then saw you not his face !

Hor. Oh, yes, my lord, he wore his beaver up.

Ham. What, looked he frowningly ?

Hor. A countenance more
In sorrow than in anger.

Ham. Pale, or red ?

Hor. Nay, very pale.

Ham. And fixed his eyes upon you

Hor. Most constantly.

Ham. I would I had been there.

Hor. It would have much amazed you.

Ham. Very like,
Very like :—stayed it long ?


Hor. While one, with moderate haste,
Might tell a hundred.

Mar. Longer, longer.


Hor. Not when I saw it.

Ham. His beard was grizzled ?—no ?

Hor. It was, as I have seen it in his life,
A sable silvered.

Ham. I will watch to-night ; 
Perchance, 'twill walk again.

Hor. I warrant it will.

Ham. If it assume my noble father's person,
I'll speak to it, though hell itself should gape,
And bid me hold my peace.  Crosses L.) I pray you all,
[Returns to R.]

If you have hitherto concealed this sight,
Let it be tenable in your silence still ;
And whatsoever else shall hap to-night,

⊙ Mar and Ber bow,

⊠ Hor crosses behind to R.

Give it an understanding, but no tongue.
I will requite your loves : so, fare you well :
Upon the platform, 'twixt eleven and twelve,
I'll visit you.

Hor. (R.) Our duty to your honor.

Ham. (R.) Your loves, as mine to you : O

[Exeunt all but Hamlet

My father's spirit ! (C.)—in arms !—all is not well ;
I doubt some foul play : 'would the night were come !
Till then, sit still, my soul : (L.) foul deeds will rise,
Though all the earth o'erwhelm them, to men's eyes.

[Exit, L.

SCENE III.—An Apartment in Polonius's House.

Enter LAERTES and OPHELIA, R.

Laer. (R.) My necessaries are embarked : farewell !
And, sister, as the winds give benefit,
Pray, let me hear from you.

Oph. (R.) Do you doubt that ?

Laer. For Hamlet, and the trifling of his favor,
Hold it a fashion, and a toy in blood ;
He may not, as unvalued persons do,
Carve for himself ; for on his choice depends
The safety and the health of the whole state ;
Then weigh what loss your honor may sustain
If with too credent ear you list his songs.
Fear it, Ophelia, fear it, my dear sister ;
And keep you in the rear of your affection,
Out of the shot and danger of desire ;
The chariest maid is prodigal enough,
If she unmask her beauty to the moon.

Oph. (R. C.) I shall the effect of this good lesson keep
As watchman to my heart. But, good my brother,
Do not, as some ungracious pastors do,
Show me the steep and thorny way to heaven ;
Whilst, like a reckless libertine,
Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads,
And recks not his own read. (1)

(1) Read ; Scot. Rede : Counsel, Advice.

⓪ Mar. Ber, and Hor. exit
bowing R 1" E. Horatio last.

5

Ghost act.

Laer. (c.) Oh, fear me not!
I stay too long;—But here my father comes.

Enter POLONIUS, L. 1. E.

Pol. (L. c.) Yet here, Laertes! aboard, aboard, for
shame;
The wind sits in the shoulder of your sail,
And you are staid for. There, my blessing with you!
[Laying his hand on Laertes' head.]

And these few precepts in thy memory
See thou character. Give thy thoughts no tongue.
Nor any unproportion'd thought his act.
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.
The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel;
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new-hatch'd, unfledg'd comrade. Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel: but, being in,
Bear't that the opposed may beware of thee.
Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice.
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.
Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not express'd in fancy; rich, not gaudy:
For the apparel oft proclaims the man;
And they, in France, of the best rank and station
Are of a most select and generous chief in that.
Neither a borrower, nor a lender be:
For loan oft loses both itself and friend;
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
This above all,—To thine ownself be true;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.
Farewell; my blessing season this in thee!

Laer. Most humbly do I take my leave, my lord.
Farewell, Ophelia, and remember well
What I have said to you.

Oph. 'Tis in my memory locked,
And you yourself shall keep the key of it.

Laer. Farewell.

[Exit, L. H.]

Pol. What is't, Ophelia, he hath said to you?

#

16

HAMLET.

Oph. So please you, something touching the lord Hamlet

Pol. (c.) Marry, well bethought;

'Tis told to me, he hath very oft of late,

Given private time to you; and you yourself

Have of your audience been most free and bounteous.

If it be so, (as so 'tis put on me,

And that in way of caution,) I must tell you,

You do not understand yourself so clearly,

As it behooves my daughter, and your honor.

What is between you? give me up the truth.

Oph. (c.) He hath, my lord, of late made many tenders
Of his affection to me.

Pol. Affection! puh! you speak like a green girl,
Unsifted in such perilous circumstance,

Do you believe his tenders, as you call them?

Oph. I do not know my lord, what I should think.

Pol. Marry, I'll teach you: think yourself a baby,
That you have ta'en these tenders for true pay,
Which are not sterling. Tender yourself more dearly;
Or you'll tender me a fool.

Oph. My lord, he hath importuned me with love,
In honorable fashion.

Pol. Ay, fashion you may call it; go to, go to.

Oph. And hath given countenance to his speech, my
lord.

With almost all the holy vows of heaven.

Pol. Ay, springs to catch woodcocks. I do know,
When the blood burns, how prodigal the soul
Lends the tongue vows.

This is for all,—

I would not, in plain terms, from this time forth,

Have you so slander any moment's leisure,

As to give words or talk with the lord Hamlet.

Look to't, I charge you; (*Crosses, R.*) come your ways.

Oph. (R.) I shall obey, my lord. O [*Exeunt, R.*]

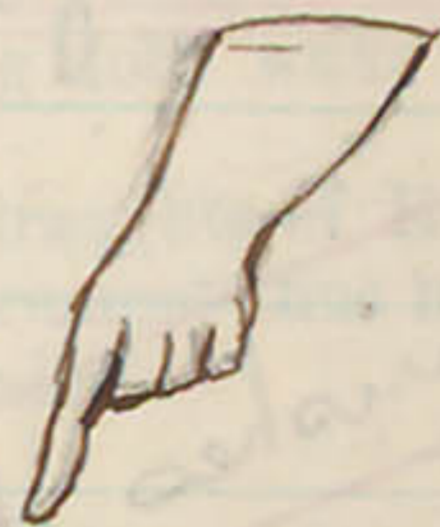
SCENE IV.—The Platform.

Enter HAMLET, HORATIO, and MARCELLUS, R. U. E

Ham. (R.) The air bites shrewdly; it is very cold. (c.)

Hor. (R.) It is a nipping and an eager air.

Ready Lights



Lights Down



Change.

Ready Flourish and Ordinance

R. H. very distant.

O Ophelia hesitates here,

Flourish and Ordnance

R H very distant

no more flourishes this act.

Ghost enters L. 1" E.

and stands close to Ham-
let—Horatio does not
speak till ghost is within
two feet of Hamlet.

Horatio and Marcellus do
not take their eyes from
the Ghost during his scene.

Ham. What hour now?

Hor. (c.) I think it lacks of twelve.

Mar. (R. c.) No, it is struck.

Hor. I heard it not; it then draws near the season
Wherein the spirit held his wont to walk.

[Flourish of Trumpets and Drums, and Ordnance
shot off within.]

What does this mean, my lord?

Ham. (L.) The king doth wake to-night, and takes his
rouse;

And as he drains his draughts of Rhenish down
The kettle-drum and trumpet thus bray out
The triumph of his pledge.

Hor. Is it a custom?

Ham. Ay, marry is't;

But to my mind—though I am a native here,
And to the manner born—it is a custom
More honored in the breach, than the observance.

Enter GHOST, L.

Hor. (R.) Look, my lord, it comes!

Ham. (R. c.) [Horatio stands about two yards from the
back of Hamlet; Marcellus about the same distance from
Hamlet, up the stage.] Angels and ministers of grace de-
fend us! [Ghost stops, L. c.]

Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damned,
Bring with thee airs from heaven, or blasts from hell,
Be thy intents wicked, or charitable,
Thou com'st in such a questionable shape,
That I will speak to thee: I'll call thee Hamlet,
King, father!—Royal Dane: Oh, answer me!
Let me not burst in ignorance! but tell
Why thy canonized bones, hearsed in death,
Have burst their cerements! why the sepulchre,
Wherein we saw thee quietly in-urned,
Hath op'd his ponderous and marble jaws,
To cast thee up again! What may this mean,
That thou, dead corse, again, in complete steel,
Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,
Making night hideous; and we fools of nature,
So horribly to shake our disposition,

With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls?
Say, why is this? wherefore? what should we do?

[Ghost crosses to R., and beckons. #]

Hor. It beckons you to go away with it,
As if some impartment did desire
To you alone. †

Mar. Look with what courteous action
It waves you to a more removed ground;
But do not go with it.

Hor. No, by no means.

Ham. It will not speak; then I will follow it.

Hor. (~~Taking Hamlet's arm.~~) Do not, my lord.

Ham. Why, what should be the fear?

I do not set my life at a pin's fee;
And, for my soul, what can it do to that,
Being a thing immortal as itself?—⊙
It waves me forth again;—I'll follow it.

Hor. What, if it tempt you toward the flood, my lord?
Or to the dreadful summit of the cliff,
And there assume some other horrible form,
And draw you into madness? ←

Ham. (c.) It waves me still;
Go on, I'll follow thee.

Mar. You shall not go my lord.

Ham. (c.) Hold off your hands.

Hor. (c.) Be ruled, you shall not go.

Ham. My fate cries out,

And makes each petty artery in this body

As hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve. ⊙ [Ghost beckons, R.]

Still am I called—unhand me, gentlemen;—

By heaven, I'll make a ghost of him that lets me.

[Breaks away from them.]

I say away:—Go on—I'll follow thee.

[Exeunt Ghost and Hamlet, R.—Horatio and Marcellus slowly follow.]

Moonlight.

SCENE V.—A remote part of the Platform.

Re-enter GHOST and HAMLET, from L. U. E. to L. C.

Ham. (c.) Whither wilt thou lead me? speak
I'll go no further.

Ghost crosses to R. face to Hamlet and beckons.

f Ghost beckons.

⊙ Ghost beckons.

⊙ Horatio takes Hamlet by the arm.

→ Ghost beckons.

⊗ Ghost beckons.

Horatio and Marcellus do not move until

Hamlet is off—Horatio takes up Hamlet's

cloak. Marcellus his cap and follow

slowly off.

Change—no whistle

Ghost crosses down to L. U. E.

Ghost. (L. C.) Mark me.

Ham. (R. C.) I will.

Ghost. My hour is almost come
When I to sulph'rous and tormenting flames
Must render up myself.

Ham. Alas poor ghost!

Ghost. Pity me not, but lend thy serious hearing
To what I shall unfold.

Ham. Speak, I am bound to hear.

Ghost. So art thou to revenge, when thou shalt hear.

Ham. What?

Ghost. I am thy father's spirit ;
Doomed for a certain term to walk the night ;
And, for the day, confined to fast in fires,
Till the foul crimes, done in my days of nature,
Are burnt and purged away. But that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my prison-house,
I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul ; freeze thy young blood ;
Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres ;
Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
And each particular hair to stand on end,
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine :
But this eternal blazon must not be
To ears of flesh and blood :—List, list, Oh, list !—
If thou didst ever thy dear father love—

Ham. Oh, heaven!

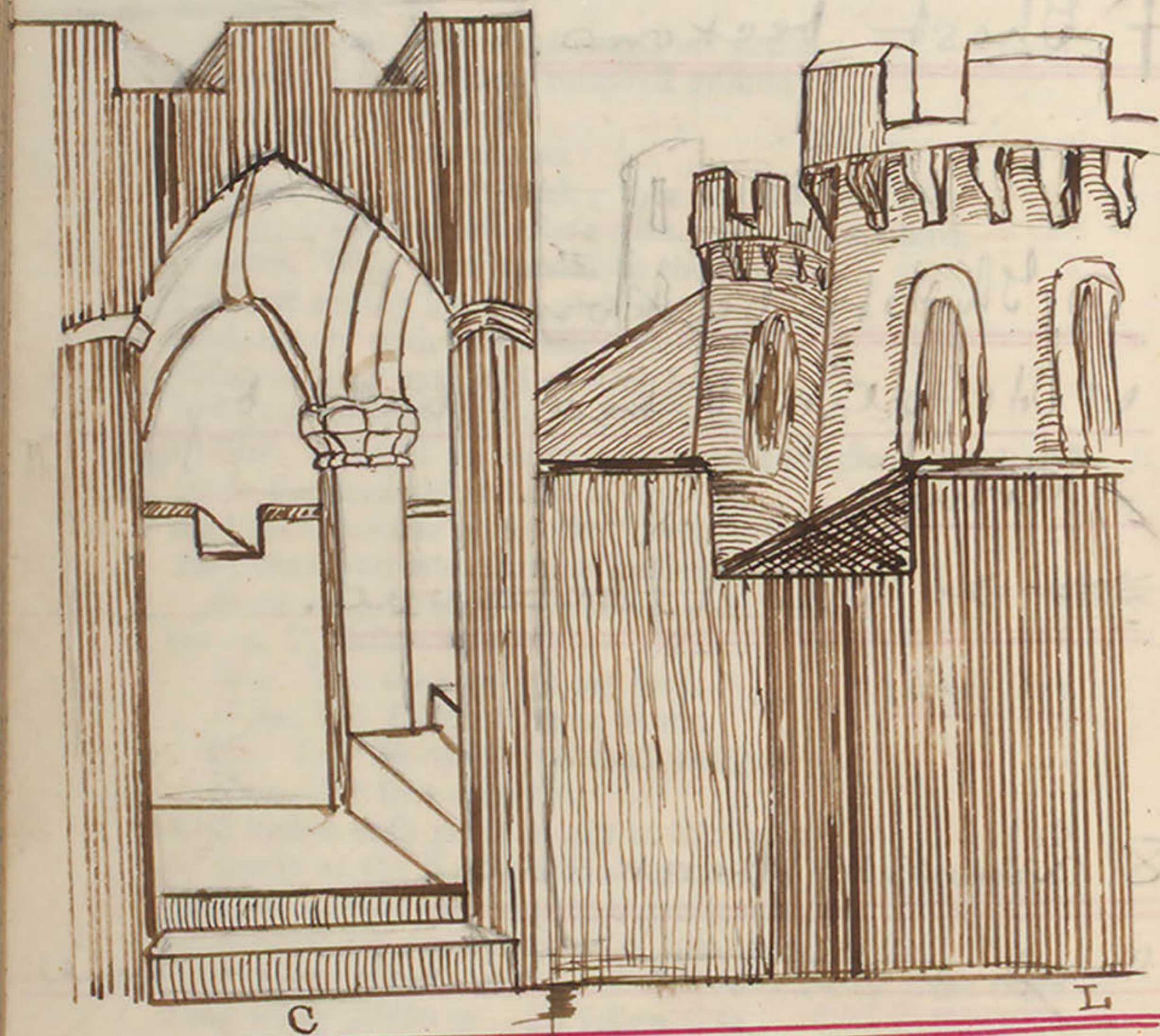
Ghost. Revenge his foul and most unnatural murder.

Ham. Murder?

Ghost. Murder most foul, as in the best it is ;
But this most foul, strange, and unnatural.

Ham. Haste me to know it, that I with wings as swift
As meditation, or the thoughts of love,
May swoop to my revenge.

Ghost. I find thee apt ;
And duller shouldst thou be than the fat weed
That rots itself in ease on Lethe's wharf,
Wouldst thou not stir in this. **Now**, Hamlet, hear :
'Tis given out, that, sleeping in my orchard,
A serpent stung me ; so the whole ear of Denmark
Is by a forged process of my death



Rankly abused : but know, thou noble youth,
The serpent that did sting thy father's life
Now wears his crown.

Ham. Oh, my prophetic soul ! my uncle ?

Ghost. Ay, that incestuous, that adulterate beast,
With witchcraft of his wit, and traitorous gifts
Won to his shameful lust
The will of my most seeming-virtuous queen :
Oh, Hamlet, what a falling off was there !
From me, whose love was of that dignity,
That it went hand in hand, even with the vow
I made to her in marriage ; and to decline
Upon a wretch, whose natural gifts were poor
To those of mine —

But, soft, methinks I scent the morning air—
Brief let me be :—sleeping within mine orchard,
My custom always of the afternoon,
Upon my secure hour thy uncle stole,
With juice of cursed hebenon in a phial,
And in the porches of mine ear did pour
The leperous distilment : whose effect
Holds such an enmity with blood of man,
That swift as quicksilver it courses through
The natural gates and alleys of the body ;
So it did mine.

Thus was I, sleeping, by a brother's hand,
Of life, of crown, of queen, at once dispatched !
Cut off, even in the blossoms of my sin,
No reck'ning made, but sent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head.

Ham. Oh, horrible ! Oh, horrible ! most horrible !

Ghost. If thou hast nature in thee, bear it not ;
Let not the royal bed of Denmark be
A couch for luxury and damned incest,
But, howsoever thou pursu'st this act,
Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive
Against thy mother's aught ; leave her to Heaven,
And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,
To goad and sting her. Fare thee well at once !
The glow-worm shows the matin to be near,
And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire.—
Adieu ! adieu ! adieu ! remember me.

[*Vanishes, L. 1. E.*

Take off Medium.

✓ Introduced lines

Begin to raise lights.

⊙ Horatio and Marcellus come on
full of expectation

Ham

R. Mar. Hor. I.

R. M. B.

✓
Ham. (R.) Hold, hold, my heart ;
And you, my sinews, grow not instant old,
But bear me stiffly up ;—(c.)—Remember thee ? #
Ay, thou poor ghost, while memory holds a seat
In this distracted globe. Remember thee ?
Yea, from the table of my memory
I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,
All saws of books, all forms, all pressures past,
That youth and observation copied there ;
And thy commandment all alone shall live
Within the book and volume of my brain,
Unmix'd with baser matter ; yes, by heaven !

[Kneels and kisses the cross of sword.]

I have sworn it.

Hor. (Within, L.) My lord, my lord.—

Mar. (Within.) Lord Hamlet,—

Hor. (Within.) Heaven secure him !

Ham. So be it !

[Rises.]

Hor. (Within.) Hillo, ho, ho, my lord !

Ham. Hillo, ho, ho, boy ! come, bird, come !

⊙ Enter HORATIO and MARCELLUS, L. U. E.

Mar. (R. c.) How is't, my noble lord ?

Hor. (L. c.) What news, my lord ?

Ham. (c.) Oh, wonderful !

Hor. Good, my lord, tell it ?

Ham. No ; you'll reveal it.

Hor. Not I, my lord, by heaven.

Ham. How say you, then ; would heart of man once
think it ?—

But you'll be secret ?

Hor. Ay, by heaven, my lord.

Ham. There's ne'er a villain, dwelling in all Denmark,
But he's an arrant knave. Marcellus smiles.

Hor. There needs no ghost, my lord, come from the
grave,
To tell us this.

Ham. Why, right ; you are in the right ;
And so, without more circumstance at all,
I hold it fit, that we shake hands and part ;
You, as your business and desire shall point you ;—

For every man hath business and desire,
Such as it is—and for my own poor part,
I will go pray.

Hor. These are but wild and whirling words, my lord.

Ham. I am sorry they offend you, heartily.

Hor. There's no offence, my lord.

Ham. Yes, by Saint Patrick, but there is, Horatio,
And much offence, too. (Takes his hand.) Touching this
vision here—#

It is an honest ghost, that let me tell you
For your desire to know what is between us,
O'er-master it as you may. (Part.) And now, good friends,
[Crosses, L.

As you are friends, scholars, and soldiers,
Give me one poor request.

Hor. What is't, my Lord?

We will.

Ham. (c.) Never make known what you have seen to
night.

Hor. & Mar. My lord, we will not.

Ham. Nay, but swear it.

Hor. Propose the oath, my lord.

Ham. Never to speak of this that you have seen; (R.)
Swear by my sword. ✓

Ghost. (Beneath.) Swear

Hor. Oh, day and night, but this is wond'rous strange!

Ham. And therefore as a stranger give it welcome.
There are more things in heav'n and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt off in your philosophy.

But come:—

Here, (All three stand, R.) as before, never, so help you
mercy!

How strange or odd soe'er I bear myself—

As I, perchance, hereafter shall think meet

To put an antic disposition on—

That you, at such times seeing me, never shall,

With arms encumbered thus, or this head-shake,

Or by pronouncing of some doubtful phrase,

As, "Well, well, we know:"—or, "We could, an if we
would;" or, "If we list to speak;" or, "There be,
an if they might;"

Hor and Mar intensely interested

✓ They take off their hats and are
about to place their right hands upon
the sword— when ghost speaks they draw
back—

Both - "No Swear."

Marcellus gives Hamlet his cap
- Horatio puts on his cloak -

Ring on word as they go up l.



Draw and Trumpet up.

Polonius - act

written paper no "1"

Ophelia

King

Queen

Rosencrantz

Guildenstern

Francisco

Bernardo

4 Pages

Ready Showish
at Change

Or such ambiguous giving out, to note
That you know ought of me :—this do ye swear,
So grace and mercy at your most need help you ! #

Ghost. (Beneath.) Swear !

Ham. Rest, rest, perturbed spirit ! [All at c.]—So, gentlemen,

With all my love I do commend me to you :
And what so poor a man as Hamlet is,

[Takes a hand of each.

May do to express his love and friending to you,
Heaven willing shall not lack. Let us go into together ;

[Crosses, l.

And still your fingers on your lips, I pray.
The time is out of joint ;—Oh, cursed spite !
That ever I was born to set it right

[Exeunt, centre over platform.

END OF ACT I.

Time 40 Minutes.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—An Apartment in Polonius's House.

Enter POLONIUS, l., and OPHELIA, r.

Pol. (l.) How now, Ophelia ? what's the matter ?

Oph. (r.) Oh, my lord, my lord, I have been so
afrighted !

Pol. With what, in the name of heaven ?

Oph. My lord, as I was sewing in my closet,
Lord Hamlet—with his doublet all unbraced,
No hat upon his head,
Pale as his shirt, his knees knocking each other,
He comes before me.

Pol. (c.) Mad for thy love ?

Oph. (c.) My lord, I do not know ;
But, truly, I do fear it.

Pol. What said he?

Oph. He took me by the wrist, and held me hard ;
Then goes he to the length of all his arm,
And with his other hand thus o'er his brow,
He falls to such perusal of my face,
As he would draw it. Long stayed he so ;
At last, a little shaking of mine arm,
And thrice his head thus waving up and down—
He raised a sigh so piteous and profound,
As it did seem to shatter all his bulk,
And end his being : that done, he lets me go ;
And, with his head over his shoulder turned,
He seemed to find his way without his eyes ;
For out o'doors he went without their helps,
And, to the last, bended their light on me.

Pol. Come, go with me ; I will go seek the king.
This is the very ecstasy of love.

What, have you given him any hard words of late?

Oph. No, my good lord ; but, as you did command,
I did repel his letters, and denied
His access to me.

Pol. That hath made him mad.

Come, go we to the king :

This must be known ; which, being kept close, might move
More grief to hide, than hate to utter love. [Exeunt, L.]

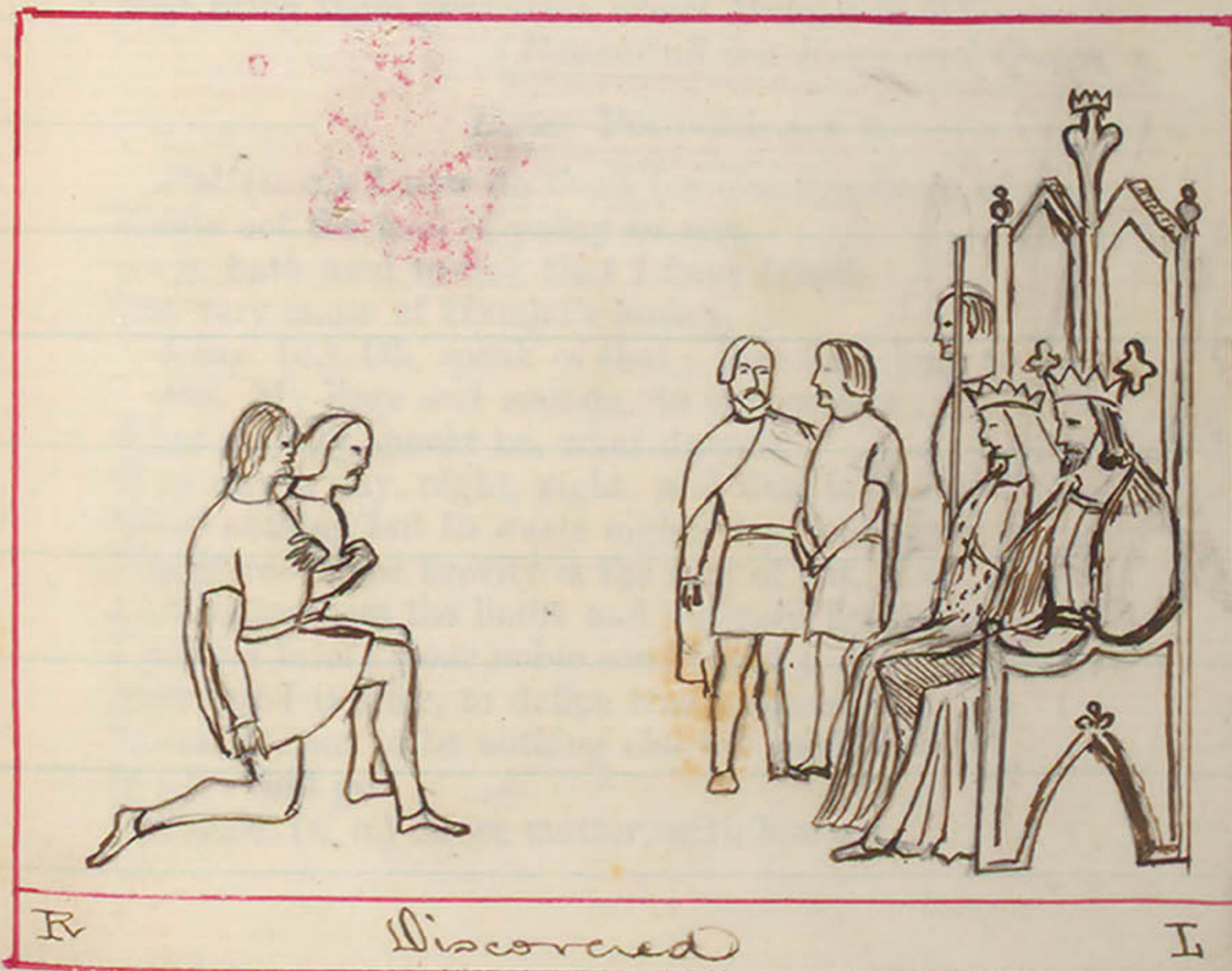
SCENE II.—The Palace.

Enter the KING, QUEEN, ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, L.,
FRANCISCO and BERNARDO, R.

King. (c.) Welcome, dear Rosencrantz and Guilden-
stern !

Moreover that we did much long to see you,
The need we have to use you, did provoke
Our hasty sending. Something have you heard
Of Hamlet's transformation :
What it should be,
More than his father's death, that thus hath put him
So much from the understanding of himself,
I cannot dream of : I entreat you both,
That you vouchsafe your rest here in our court

Flourish - They bow



A Table and chair R of C.

Some little time ; so by your companies,
To draw him on to pleasures, and to gather,
Whether aught, to us unknown, afflicts him thus,
That, opened, lies within our remedy.

Queen. (c.) Good gentlemen, he hath much talked of
you ;

And, sure I am, two men there are not living
To whom he more adheres. If it will please you
So to expend your time with us a while,
Your visitation shall receive such thanks
As fits a king's remembrance.

Ros. (L.) Both your majesties
Might, by the sovereign power you have of us,
Put your dread pleasures more into command
Than to entreaty.

Guil. (L.) But we both obey ;
And here give up ourselves, in the full bent,
To lay our service freely at your feet.

King. Thanks, Rosencrantz and gentle Guildenstern.

Queen. I do beseech you instantly to visit
My too much changed son. Go, some of you,
And bring these gentlemen where Hamlet is. #

[Exeunt all but King and Queen, R.]

Enter POLONIUS, L. C. E.

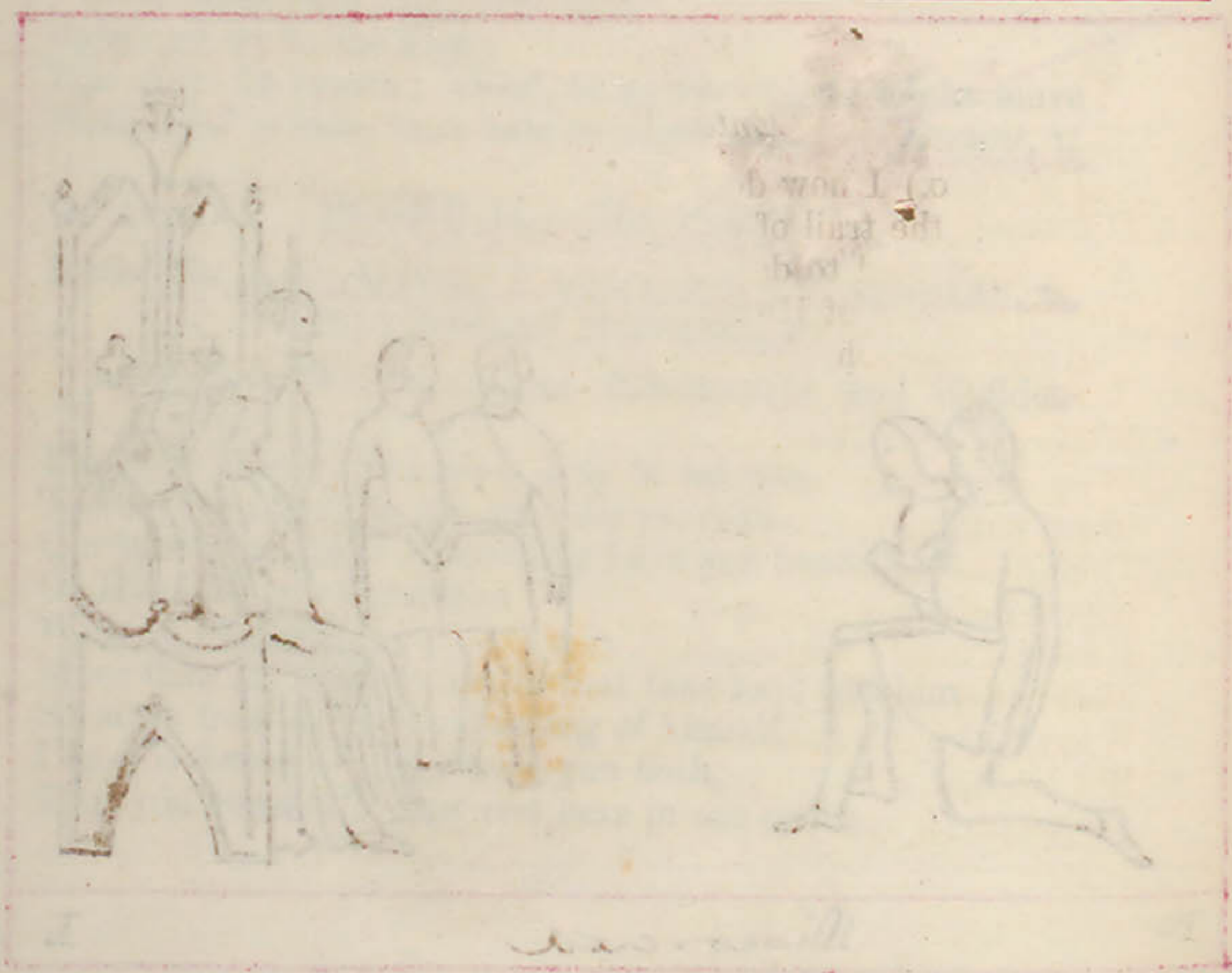
Pol. (L. c.) I now do think (or else this brain of mine
Hunts not the trail of policy so sure
As it hath used to do), that I have found
The very cause of Hamlet's lunacy.

King. (c.) Oh, speak of that ; that do I long to hear.

Pol. My liege and madam, to expostulate
What majesty should be, what duty is,
Why day is day, night, night, and time is time,
Were nothing but to waste night, day, and time.
Therefore—since brevity is the soul of wit,
And tediousness the limbs and outward flourishes—
I will be brief : your noble son is mad ;
Mad call I it ; for, to define true madness,
What is't, but to be nothing else but mad ?
But let that go.

Queen. (R. c.) More matter, with less art.

Two pages cross to L. behind Ros and
Guil. and all bow off facing King and
Queen - The others exit L. V. E. except
two pages. King and Queen come forward



Pol. Madam, I swear, I use no art at all.
That he is mad, 'tis true; 'tis true, 'tis pity;
And pity 'tis, 'tis true; a foolish figure;
But farewell it; for I will use no art.
Mad let us grant him, then: and now remains
That we find out the cause of this effect;
Or, rather say, the cause of this defect;
For this effect, defective, comes by cause:
Thus it remains, and the remainder thus.
Perpend—

I have a daughter: have, while she is mine;
Who, in her duty and obedience, mark,
Hath given me this: (*Shows a paper.*) now gather and
surmise. *crosses C.*

(*Reads.*)—"To the celestial, and my soul's idol, the most
beautified Ophelia,"—That's an ill phrase, a vile phrase:
beautified is a vile phrase; but you shall hear:

(*Reads.*)—"In her excellent white bosom these," etc.

Queen. Came this from Hamlet to her?

Pol. Good madam, stay awhile; I will be faithful:—

(*Reads.*)—"Doubt thou, the stars are fire;
Doubt, that the sun doth move;
Doubt truth to be a liar;
But never doubt, I love.

"Oh, dear Ophelia, I am ill at these numbers; I have
no art to reckon my groans; but, that I love thee best, oh,
most best, believe it! Adieu.

"Thine evermore, most dear lady, whilst
this machine is to him, HAMLET."

This, in obedience, hath my daughter showed me;
And more above, hath his solicitings,
As they fell out by time, by means, and place,
All given to mine ear.

King. How hath she
Received his love?

Pol. What do you think of me?

King. As of a man faithful and honorable.

Pol. I would fain prove so. But what might you think,
When I had seen this hot love on the wing,
(As I perceived it, I must tell you that,
Before my daughter told me), what might you,

Hamlet - Books.

Written paper No 1.

Or my dear majesty, your queen here, think,
 If I had played the desk or table-book ;
 Or looked upon this love with idle sight ;
 What might you think ? No, I went round to work,
 And my young mistress thus I did bespeak :
 Lord Hamlet is a prince ; out of thy sphere,
 This must not be : and then I precepts gave her
 That she should lock herself from his resort,
 Admit no messengers, receive no tokens ;
 Which done, she took the fruits of my advice :
 And he, repulsed, (a short tale to make),
 Fell into a sadness ;
 Thence into a weakness ;
 Thence to a lightness ; and by this declension,
 Into the madness wherein now he raves,
 And all we mourn for.

King. Do you think 'tis this? crosses. C.

Queen. It may be, very likely.

Pol. Hath there been such a time, (I'd fain know that),
 That I have positively said, 'Tis so,
 When it proved otherwise ?

King. Not that I know.

Pol. Take this from this, if this be otherwise.

[Pointing to his head and shoulders.

If circumstances lead me, I will find
 Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeed
 Within the centre.

King. How may we try it further ?

Pol. You know, sometimes he walks for hours together
 Here in the lobby.

Queen. So he does, indeed. †

Pol. At such a time, I'll loose my daughter to him :
 Mark the encounter : if he love her not,
 And be not from his reason fallen thereon,
 Let me be no assistant for a state,
 But keep a farm, and carters.

[Crosses, L.

King. (R.) We will try it.

Queen. (R.) But, look, where sadly the poor wretch
 comes reading !

Pol. Away, I do beseech you ; both away !
 I'll board him presently. [Exeunt King and Queen, R.S.E.

followed by pages.

† Queen goes up stage - She pa-
ges cross to R.

3

Enter HAMLET, U. E. L., reading. C. D.

(R. c.) How does my good Lord Hamlet?

Ham. (L. c.) Excellent well.

Pol. (c.) Do you know me, my lord?

Ham. (R. c.) Excellent well: you are a fishmonger.

Pol. Not I, my lord.

Ham. Then I would you were so honest a man.

Pol. Honest, my lord?

Ham. Ay, sir! to be honest as this world goes, is to be one man picked out of ten thousand.

Pol. That's very true, my lord.

Ham. For if the sun breed maggots in a dead dog, being a god, kissing carrion—Have you a daughter?

Pol. I have, my lord.

Ham. Let her not walk i' the sun: conception is a blessing; but as your daughter may conceive—friend, look to't.

[Turns to the R. and reads.]

Pol. (c.) Still harping on my daughter!—yet he knew me not at first; he said, I was a fishmonger. I'll speak to him again.—(Aside.)—What do you read, my lord?

Ham. (R.) Words, words, words.

Pol. What is the matter, my lord?

Ham. Between who?

Pol. I mean the matter that you read, my lord!

Ham. (c.) Slanders, sir; for the satirical rogue says here, that old men have grey beards: that their faces are wrinkled; their eyes purging thick amber and plum-tree gum; and that they have a plentiful lack of wit, together with most weak hams: all of which, sir, though I most powerfully and potently believe, yet I hold it not honesty to have it thus set down; for you, yourself, sir, shall be old as I am, if, like a crab, you could go backward. #

Pol. Though this be madness, yet there's method in't.

(Aside.) Will you walk out of the air, my lord?

Ham. (R.) Into my grave!

Pol. Indeed, that is out o'the air. How pregnant sometimes his replies are! a happiness that often madness hits on, which reason and sanity could not so prosperously be delivered of. I will leave him, and suddenly contrive the means of meeting between him and my daughter. (c.)

3

Rosencrantz
Guildenstern

and sits in chair L.

Hamlet crosses to R,

Hamlet crosses to L,

Hamlet crosses to R.
Polonius gets L.

They enter when Hamlet is seated

Ros - "My most dear lord."

O. Rosencrantz bows.

^ Ros and Guil exchange looks.

(*Aside.*)—My honorable lord, (R. c.) I will most humbly take my leave of you.

Ham. You cannot, sir, take from me anything that I will more willingly part withal; except my life, except my life, except my life.

Pol. Fare you well, my lord. [*Crosses, R.*]

Ham. These tedious old fools! [*Exit Polonius L.*]

[*Aside. Goes to table, R.*]

Enter ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN, L.

Pol. You go to seek the Lord Hamlet? there he is.

Ros. (L.) Heaven save you, sir! [*Exit Polonius, L.*]

Guil. (L.) My honored lord!

Ham. My excellent good friends! How dost thou, Guildenstern? (*Crosses, c.*) Ah, Rosencrantz? Good lads, how do ye both? What news?

Ros. (L. c.) None, my lord, but that the world's grown honest.

Ham. Then is doomsday near: but your news is not true. In the beaten way of friendship, what make you at Elsinore?

Ros. To visit you, my lord; no other occasion.

Ham. Beggar that I am, I am even poor in thanks! but I thank you. Were you not sent for? Is it your own inclining? Is it a free visitation? Come, come; deal justly with me; come; nay, speak.

Guil. (R. c.) What should we say, my lord?

Ham. Anything—but to the purpose. You were sent for; and there is a kind of confession in your looks, which your modesties have not craft enough to color: I know, the good king and queen have sent for you.

Ros. To what end, my lord?

Ham. That you must teach me. But let me conjure you, by the rights of our fellowship, by the consonancy of our youth, by the obligation of our ever-preserved love, and by what more dear a better proposer could charge you withal, be even and direct with me, whether you were sent for, or no?

Ros. What say you?

[*Aside to Guildenstern.*]

Ham. Nay, then, I have an eye of you. (*Aside.*) If you love me, hold not off.

Guil. My lord, we were sent for.

Ham. I will tell you why ; so shall my anticipation prevent your discovery, and your secrecy to the King and Queen moult no feather. I have of late, (but wherefore, I know not,) lost all my mirth, forgone all custom of exercises ; and, indeed, it goes so heavily with my disposition, that this goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a sterile promontory ; this most excellent canopy, the air, look you, this brave o'er-hanging firmament, this majestic roof fretted with golden fire, why, it appears no other thing to me than a foul and pestilent congregation of vapors.—What a piece of work is a man ! How noble in reason ! how infinite in faculties ! in form and moving, how express and admirable ! in action, how like an angel ! in apprehension, how like a god ! the beauty of the world ! the paragon of animals ! And yet, to me, what is this ?—quintessence of dust ! Man delights not me ^A, nor woman neither ; though by your smiling, you seem to say so.

Ros. (R.) My lord there was no such stuff in my thoughts.

Ham. (L.) Why did you laugh then, when I said "Man delights not me?"

Ros. To think, my lord, if you delight not in man, what lenten entertainment the players shall receive from you : we met them on the way ; and hither are they coming, to offer you service.

Ham. He that plays the King shall be welcome : (c.) his Majesty shall have tribute of me ; the adventurous knight shall use his foil and target, the lover shall not sigh gratis : the humorous man shall end his part in peace ; and the lady shall say her mind freely, or the blank verse shall halt for't—What players are they ?

Ros. Even those you were wont to take such delight in, the tragedians of the city.

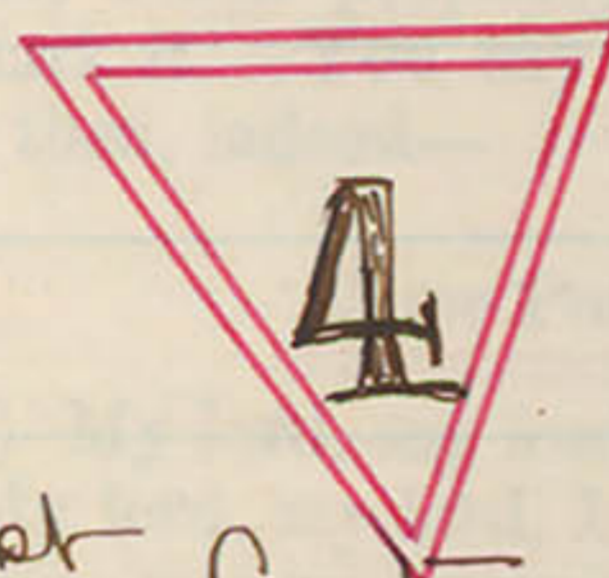
Ham. (R.) How chances it they travel ? Their residence, both in reputation and profit, was better both ways. Do they hold the same estimation they did when I was in the city ? Are they so followed ?

Ros. No, indeed, they are not.

Ham. It is not very strange : for my uncle is king of Denmark ; and those that would make mouths at him while my father lived, give twenty, forty, fifty, a hundred

Ready Trumpet L.H.

^ Rosencrantz smiles



1st Actor

2^d Actor

Actress

3rd Actor

Trumpet L. H.

X Hamlet crosses between them.

O Rosencrantz gets R.

Ros and Guil smile.

ducats a-piece, for his picture in little. There is something in this more than natural, if philosophy could find it out.

[Flourish of Trumpets, L.

Guil. (L.) There are the players.

Ham. (c.) Gentlemen, you are welcome to Elsinore: X your hands; you are welcome—but my uncle-father and aunt-mother are deceived.

Guil. In what, my dear lord?

Ham. I am but mad north-north-west: when the wind is southerly, I know a hawk from a heronshaw. [Crosses L. ⊙

Pol. (*Within*, L.) Well be with you, gentlemen!

Ham. (R.) Hark you, Guildenstern and Rosencrantz—that great baby you see there, is not yet out of his swaddling-clouts

Ros. (R) Happily, he's the second time come to them; for, they say, an old man is twice a child.

Ham. (c.) I will prophecy, he comes to tell me of the players; mark it. You say right, sir; o' Monday morning; 'twas then, indeed—

Enter POLONIUS, L. I. E.

Pol. (c.) My lord, my lord, I have news to tell you.

Ham. My lord, my lord, I have news to tell you.

When Roscius was an actor in Rome—

Pol. The actors are come hither, my lord.

Ham. Buz, buz! # looking at Ros and Guil.

Pol. Upon my honor—

Ham. "Then came each actor on his ass"—

Pol. The best actors in the world, either for tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral, scene individable, or poem unlimited; Seneca cannot be too heavy, nor Plautus too light. For the law of writ, and the liberty, these are the only men.

Ham. "Oh, Jephthah, Judge of Israel"—what a treasure hadst thou!

Pol. What a treasure had he, my lord?

Ham. Why—"One fair daughter, and no more,
The which he loved passing well."

Pol. (c) Still on my daughter.

[Aside.

Ham. Am I not i' the right, old Jephthah?

Pol. (R. C.) If you call me Jephthah, my lord, I have a daughter that I love passing well.

Ham. Nay, that follows not.

Pol. What follows, then, my lord?

Ham. Why, "As by lot, God wot"—and then, you know, "It came to pass, as most like it was"—The first row of the pious chanson will show you more; for look, my abridgment comes.

[Goes to the Actors, L.—Polonius, Guildenstern, and Rosencrantz stand, R.]

Enter two ACTORS and an ACTRESS, L. I. E.

You are welcome, masters; welcome, all. Oh, old friend! Why, thy face is valanced since I saw thee last: Com'st thou to beard me in Denmark? What, my young lady and mistress! By-'r-lady, your ladyship is nearer to heaven than when I saw you last, by the altitude of a chopine. You are all welcome. We'll e'en to't like French falconers, fly at anything we see: we'll have a speech straight.—Come, give us a taste of your quality: come, a passionate speech.

[The 2d Actor and Actress retire up the stage, near L. U. E.]

1st Act. What speech, my lord?

Ham. I heard thee speak me a speech once—but it was never acted, or, if it was, not above once: for the play, I remember, pleased not the million; 'twas caviare to the general: but it was an excellent play; well digested in the scenes, set down with as much modesty as cunning. One speech in it I chiefly loved: 'twas Æneas' tale to Dido; and thereabout of it especially, where he speaks of Priam's slaughter: If it live in your memory, begin at this line:

"The rugged Pyrrhus, like the Hyrcanian beast"—

'Tis not so; it begins with Pyrrhus.

"The rugged Pyrrhus—he, whose sable arms,

Black as his purpose, did the night resemble

Old grandsire Priam seeks."

Pol. (C.) 'Fore heaven, my lord, well spoken; with good accent and good discretion.

Ham. (L. C.) So; proceed you.

1st Act. "Anon he finds him

Polonius

Polonius applauds.

2. 16. 9

Striking too short at Greeks; his antique sword,
Rebellious to his arm, lies where it falls,
Repugnant to command. Unequal matched,
Pyrrhus at Priam drives; in rage, strikes wide,
But with the whiff and wind of his fell sword
The unnerved father falls.

But as we often see, against some storm
A silence in the heavens, the rack stand still,
The bold winds speechless, and the orb below
As hush as death: anon, the dreadful thunder
Doth rend the region: So, after Pyrrhus' pause,
Aroused vengeance sets him new awork,
And never did the Cyclops' hammers fall
On Mars's armor, forged for proof eterne,
With less remorse than Pyrrhus' bleeding sword
Now falls on Priam.—

Out, out, thou strumpet, Fortune!"

Pol. This is too long.

Ham. It shall to the barber's, with your beard.—Say
on: come to Hecuba.

1st Act. "But who, ah, woe! had seen the mobled
queen"—

Ham. The mobled queen!

Pol. That's good; the mobled queen is good.

1st Act. "Run barefoot up and down, threat'ning the
flames;

A clout upon that head,
Where late the diadem stood; and, for a robe,
A blanket, in the alarum of fear caught up:
Who this had seen, with tongue in venom steeped,
'Gainst fortune's state would treason have pronounced?"

Pol. (*Pointing to Hamlet.*) Look, whether he has not
turned his color, and has tears in's eyes. Pr'ythee, no
more.

Ham. 'Tis well; I'll have thee speak out the rest of
this soon. **V** Good, my lord, will you see the players well
bestowed? **V** Do you hear, let them be well used; for they
are the abstract and brief chronicles of the time; after
your death you were better have a bad epitaph, than their
ill report while you live.

Pol. My lord, I will use them according to their desert.

Hamlet's bus - looking at Po-
lonius every time he speaks

V Player goes up to the others
who compliment him in dumb show.

Ham. Much better. Use every man after his desert, and who shall 'scape whipping? Use them after your own honor and dignity; the less they deserve, the more merit is in your bounty. Take them in. =

Pol. (L.) Come, sirs.

[*To Actors.*

Ham. Follow him, friends; we'll hear a play to-morrow. Old friend.—

[*To 1st Actor.*

My good friends, (*To Rosencrantz and Guildenstern,*) I'll leave you 'till night: you are welcome to Elsinore.

[*Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, R.*

Can you play the murder of Gonzago?

1st Act. Ay, my lord.

Ham. We'll have it to-morrow night. You could, for a need, study a speech of some dozen or sixteen lines, which I would set down, and insert in't? could you not?

1st Act. Ay, my lord.

Ham. Very well. Follow that lord: and look you, mock him not. # [*Exeunt Polonius and Actors, L.*

Now I am alone (c.)

Oh, what a rogue and peasant slave am I!

Is it not monstrous that this player here,

But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,

Could force his soul so to his own conceit,

That, from her working, all his visage wanned:

Tears in his eyes, distraction in's aspect,

A broken voice, and his whole function suiting

With forms to his conceit? And all for nothing!

For Hecuba!

What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba,

That he should weep for her? What should he do, would

Had he the motive and the cue for passion,

That I have? He would drown the stage with tears,

And cleave the general ear with horrid speech;

Make mad the guilty, and appal the free,

Confound the ignorant, and amaze, indeed,

The very faculties of eyes and ears.

But I am pigeon-livered, and lack gall

To make oppression bitter; or, ere this,

I should have fatted all the region kites

With this slave's offal: Bloody, bawdy villain!

Remorseless, treacherous, lecherous, kindless villain!

= Hamlet goes up a little - Po-

lonius crosses to L.

Exit Polonius 2^d Actor and

Actress L & E - 1st Actor is fol-

lowing when Hamlet calls him.

Player smiles - shakes his
head and exits L & E.

Why, what an ass am I? This is most brave ;
 That I, the son of a dear father murdered,
 Prompted to my revenge by heaven and hell,
 Must, like a whore, unpack my heart with words,
 And fall a cursing like a very drab,
 A scullion !
 Fie upon't ! foh ! About, my brains ! Humph ! I have
 heard,
 That guilty creatures, sitting at a play,
 Have, by the very cunning of the scene,
 Been struck so to the soul, that presently
 They have proclaimed their malefactions ;
 For murder, though it have no tongue, will speak
 With most miraculous organ. I'll have these players
 Play something like the murder of my father,
 Before mine uncle : I'll observe his looks ;
 I'll tent him to the quick ; if he do blench,
 I know my course. The spirit that I have seen,
 May be a devil : and the devil hath power
 To assume a pleasing shape : yea, and, perhaps,
 Out of my weakness, and my melancholy,
 (As he is very potent with such spirits,)
 Abuses me to damn me : I'll have grounds
 More relative than this : The play is the thing,
 Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the king. [Exit, R.]

END OF ACT II.

Shonish, ACT III.

SCENE I.—A Room in the Palace.

Enter POLONIUS, KING, QUEEN and OPHELIA, L., ROSEN-
CRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN, R. Discovers

King. (R.) And can you, by no drift of conference,
 Get from him, why he puts on this confusion ?

Ros. (R. c.) He does confess he feels himself distracted ;
 But from what cause, he will by no means speak.

Ring.

Mind Instruments
Drum and Trumpet up.

Polonius

King

Queen

Ophelia casket & bundle of letters,

Rosencrantz

Guildenstern

Hamlet Act.

Guil. Nor do we find him forward to be sounded ;
But with a crafty madness, keeps aloof,
When we would bring him on to some confession
Of his true state.

Queen. (c.) Did you assay him
To any pastime ?

Ros. Madam, it so fell out, that certain players
We o'er-raught on the way : of these we told him ;
And there did seem in him a kind of joy
To hear of it : they are about the court ;
And, as I think, they have already order
This night to play before him.

Pol. 'Tis most true :
And he beseeched me to entreat your majesties,
To hear and see the matter.

King. With all my heart ; and it doth much content me
To hear him so inclined.
Good gentlemen, give him a further edge,
And drive his purpose on to these delights.

Ros. We shall, my lord. #

[Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, R.]

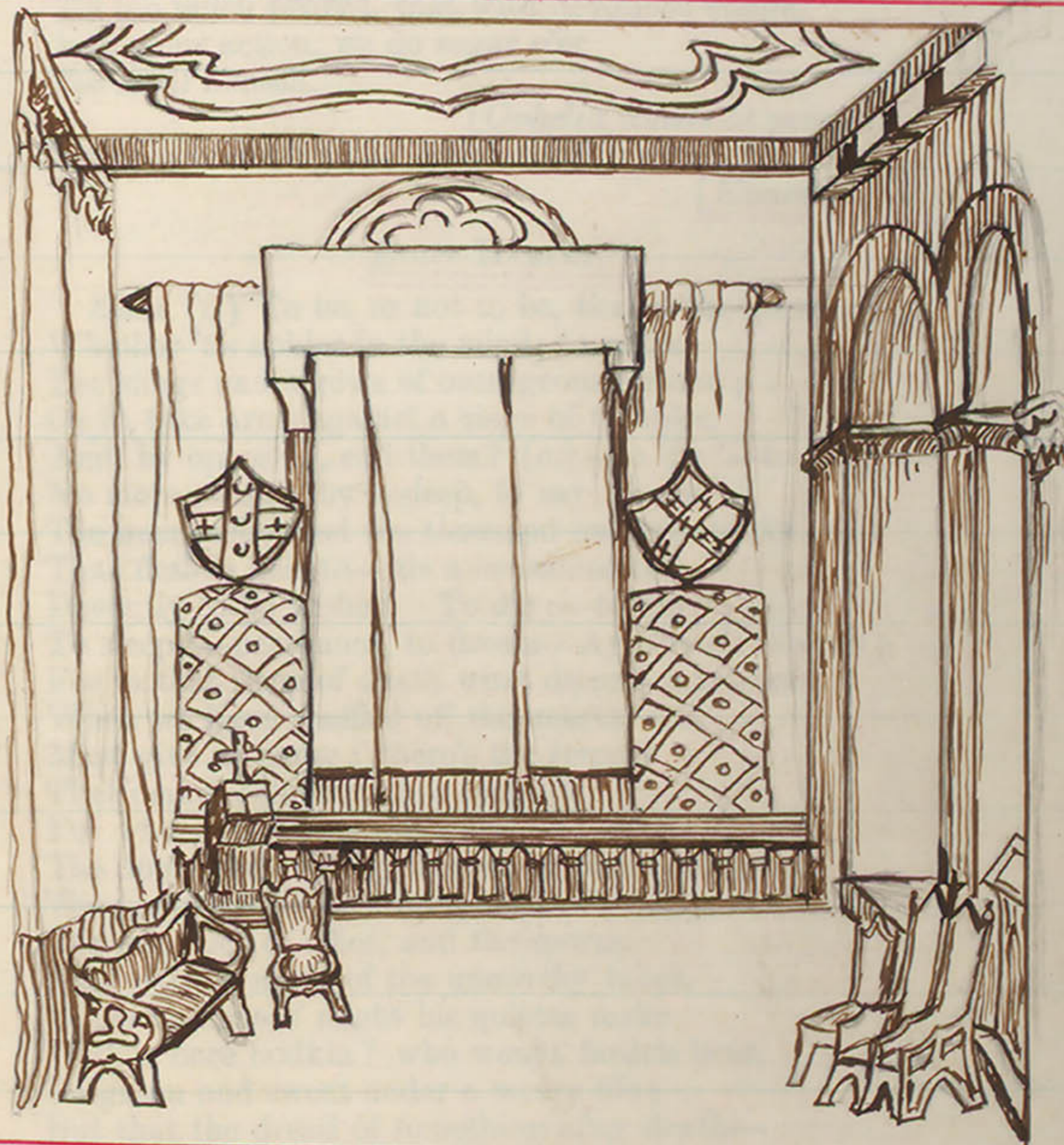
King. Sweet Gertrude, leave us, too ;
For we have closely sent for Hamlet hither ;
That he, as 'twere by accident, may here
Affront Ophelia :
Her father and myself (lawful espials),
Will so bestow ourselves, that, seeing, unseen
We may of their encounter frankly judge ;
And gather by him, as he is behaved,
If't be the affliction of his love, or no,
That thus he suffers for.

Queen. (R.) I shall obey you :— Crossed to R. I. E.
And, for your part, Ophelia, I do wish,
That your good beauties be the happy cause
Of Hamlet's wildness ; so shall I hope, your virtues
Will bring him to his wonted way again,
To both your honors.

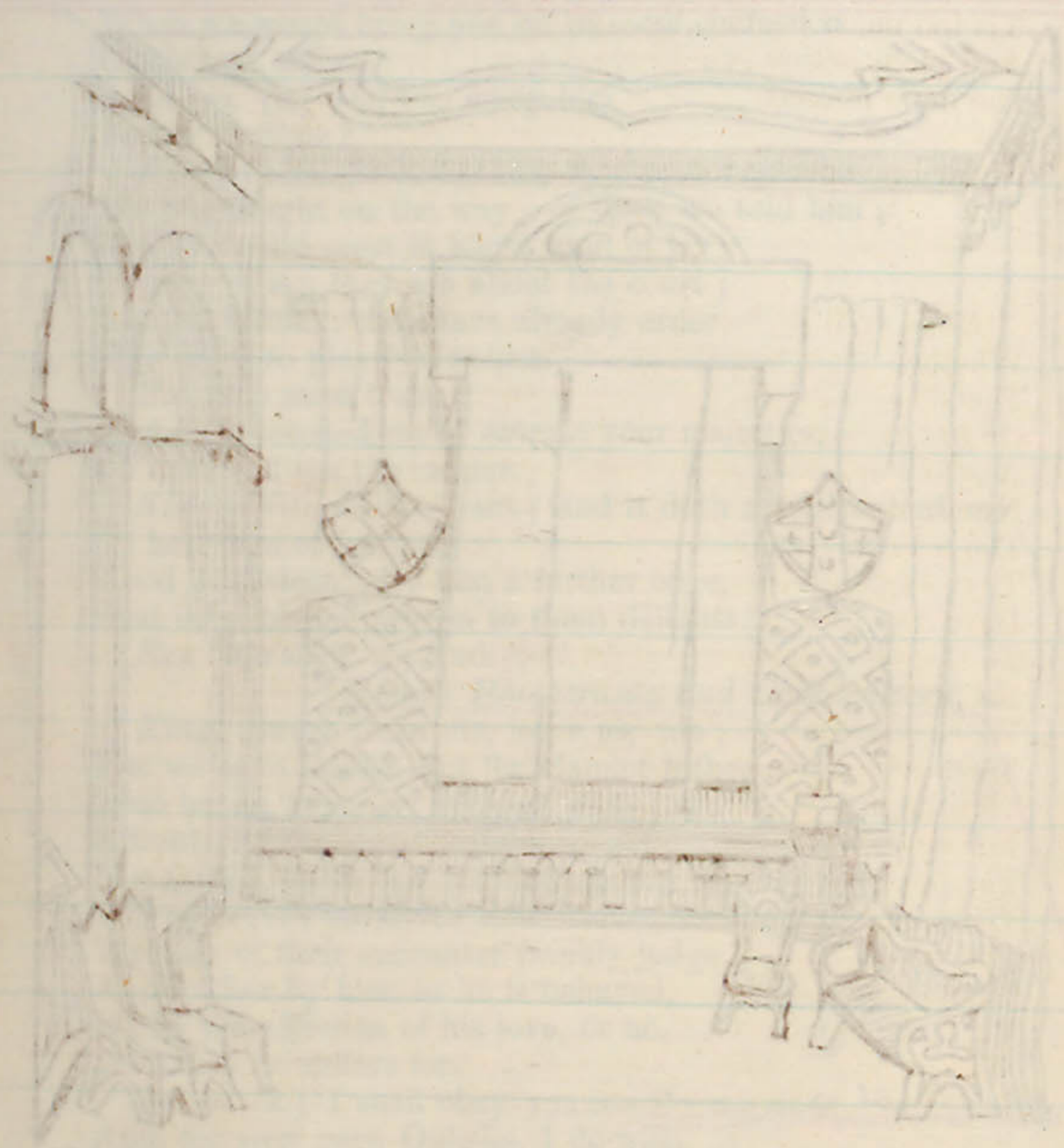
Oph. (L.) Madam, I wish it may. [Exit Queen, R. I.]

Pol. (L. c.) Ophelia, walk you here :
Read on this book ;
That show of such an exercise may color

King. Queen.
Act 3
Discovered.
Ros. Guil.
Pol. Oph.



Ros and Guil torr, cross behind
and exit L. U. E.



Your loneliness.
We are oft to blame in this,—
Tis too much proved, that with devotions visage,
And pious action, we do sugar o'er
The devil himself.

[*Ophelia kneels at prayer desk*

I hear him coming ; let's withdraw, my lord.

[*Exeunt, R. S. E.*

Enter HAMLET, L.

Ham. (L.) To be, or not to be, that is the question.
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind ; to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune ;
Or to take arms against a siege of troubles,
And, by opposing, end them ? (c.)—to die !—to sleep,—
No more ;—and, by a sleep, to say we end
The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To die :—to sleep :—
To sleep !—perchance, to dream—Ay, there's the rub ;
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause : there's the respect
That makes calamity of so long life :
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin ? who would fardels bear,
To groan and sweat under a weary life ;
But that the dread of something after death—
The undiscovered country, from whose bourn
No traveler returns—puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of ?

[*Ophelia re-enters at R. U. E.*

Thus conscience does make cowards of us all ;
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought ;

And enterprizes of great pith and moment,
With this regard, their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action.—Soft you now!

[Seeing Ophelia, goes to her

The fair Ophelia :—Nymph, in thy orisons
Be all my sins remembered!

Oph. (R.) Good, my lord;

How does your honor for this many a day?

Ham. I humbly thank you; well. [They advance.

Oph. My lord, I have remembrances of yours,
That I have longed long to re-deliver.

I pray you, now receive them.

Ham. No, not I;

I never gave you aught.

Oph. My honored lord, you know right well, you did; (O)

[Here King and Pol. appear in gallery above

And, with them, words of so sweet breath composed
As made the things more rich: their perfume lost.

Take these again; for to the noble mind,

Rich gifts wax poor, when givers prove unkind.

There, my lord.

Ham. Ha, ha! (King and Pol. disappear.) are you
honest?

Oph. My lord!

Ham. Are you fair?

Oph. What means your lordship?

Ham. That if you be honest and fair, you should admit
your honesty to no discourse with your beauty.

Oph. Could beauty, my lord, have better commerce than
with honesty?

Ham. Ay, truly; for the power of beauty will sooner
transform honesty from what it is to a bawd, than the force
of honesty can translate beauty into his likeness; this was
some time a paradox, but now the time gives it proof. I
did love you once.

Oph. Indeed, my lord, you made me believe so.

Ham. You should not have believed me: for virtue can-
not so inoculate our old stock, but we shall relish of it: I
loved you not.

Oph. I was the more deceived.

Ham. Get thee to a nunnery. Why would'st thou be a

Hamlet takes her hand - she rises

(O) Enter King & Polonius R U &

King and Polonius retire R U &



First Actor - Act.

∨ crosses her round to L.

∥ Passes her round to R.

⊙ Does to her takes her hand
and leads her to R. leaves
her and exits R. 1. ⊙.

note - See scroll R.H. for Hamlet.

breeder of sinners? I am myself indifferent honest: but yet I could accuse me of such things, that it were better my mother had not borne me: I am very proud, revengeful, ambitious; with more offences at my back, than I have thoughts to put them in, imagination to give them shape, or time to act them in: what should such fellows as I do, crawling between earth and heaven? We are arrant knaves, all: believe none of us: go thy ways to a nunnery. — Where's your father?

Oph. At home, my lord.

Ham. Let the doors be shut upon him; that he may play the fool no where but in's own house. Farewell.

[Runs off, R.]

Oph. (R.) Oh, help him, you sweet Heavens!

Ham. (Runs back to her.) If thou dost marry, I'll give thee this plague for thy dowry: be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny. Get thee to a nunnery. Or, if thou wilt needs marry, marry a fool; for wise men know well enough what monsters you make of them. To a nunnery, go.

[Hastens off, L.]

Oph. (R.) Heavenly powers, restore him!

Ham. (Returns.) I have heard of your paintings, too, well enough; Heaven hath given you one face, and you make yourselves another; you jig, you amble, and you lisp, and nickname heaven's creatures, and make your wantonness your ignorance. Go to; I'll no more of it; it hath made me mad. (Crosses, L.) I say, we will have no more marriages; those that are married already, all but one, shall live; the rest shall keep as they are. To a nunnery, go.

[Exit, R.]

Oph. (c.) Oh, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!
The expectancy and rose of the fair state,
The glass of fashion, and the mould of form,
The observed of all observers, quite, quite down!
And I, of ladies most deject and wretched,
That sucked the honey of his music vows,
Now see that noble and most sovereign reason,
Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh.
Oh, woe is me!

To have seen what I have seen, see what I see! [Exit, R. L]

No Change

40

HAMLET.

SCENE II.—Hall in the Palace.—Theater in the Back-ground.

Enter KING and POLONIUS, R. S. E.

King. (R.) Love! his affections do not that way tend,
Nor what he spake, though it lacked form a little,
Was not like madness. (C.) There's something in his soul,
O'er which his melancholy sits on brood.
He shall with speed to England,
For the demand of our neglected tribute;
Haply, the seas, and countries different,
With variable objects, shall expel
This something-settled matter in his heart;
Whereon his brains still beating, puts him thus
From fashion of himself:—What think you on't?

Pol. (C.) It shall do well: but yet I do believe,
The origin and commencement of his grief,
Sprung from neglected love.

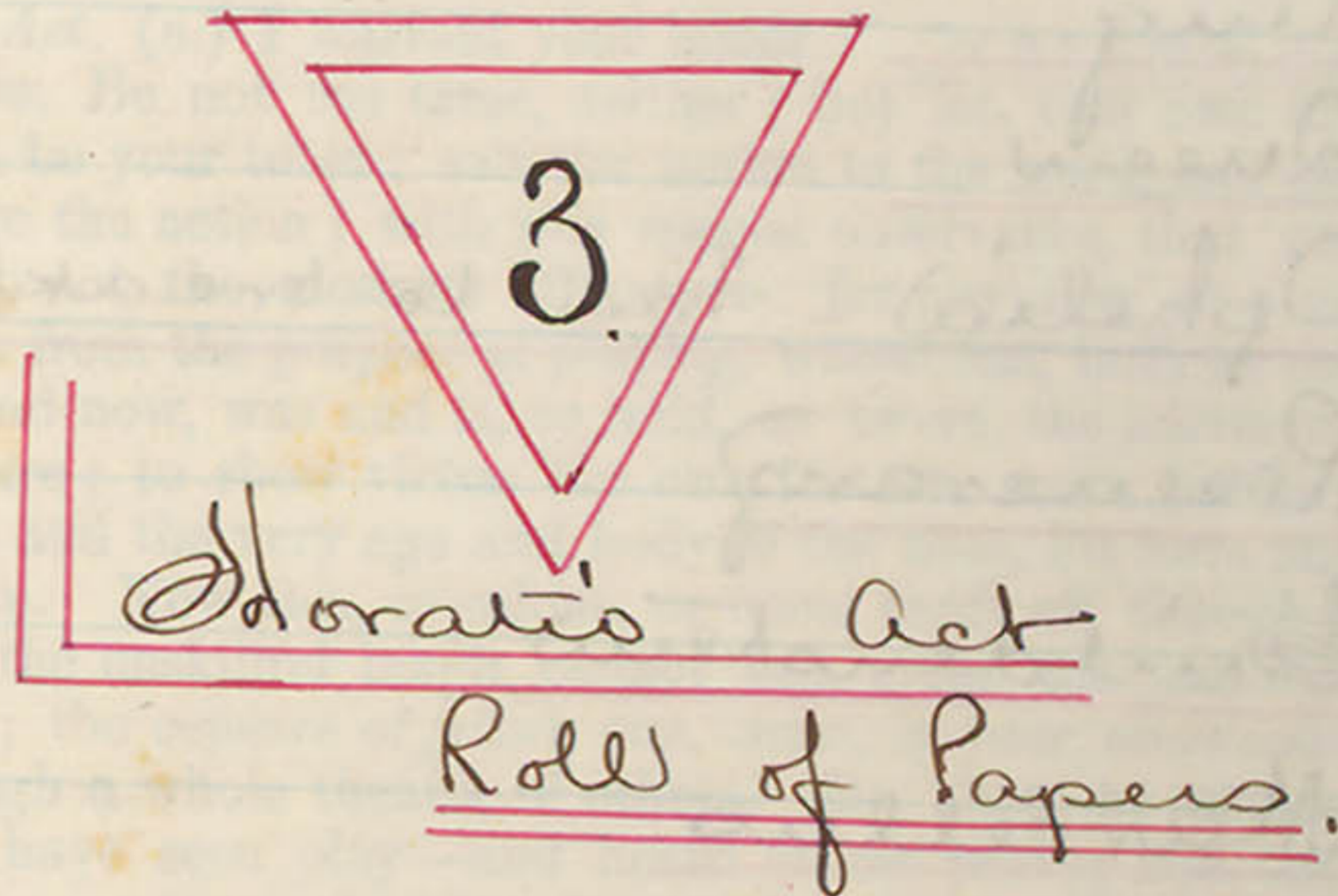
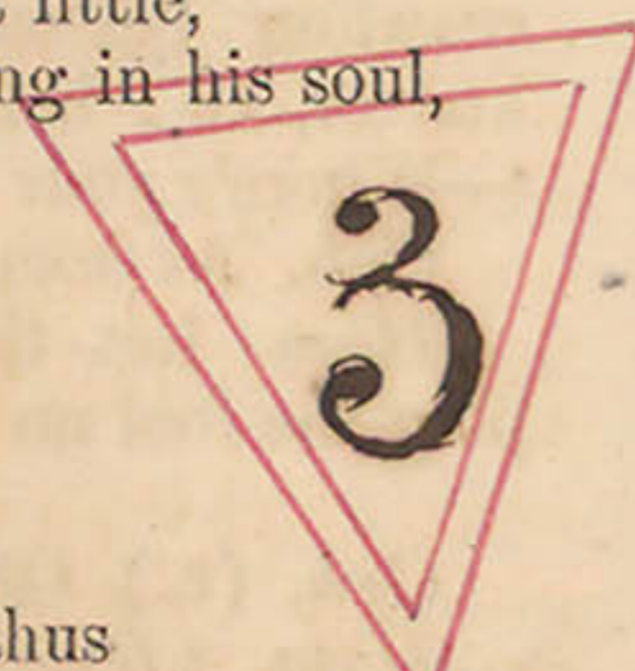
My lord, do as you please;
But, if you hold it fit, after the play,
Let his queen mother all alone entreat him
To show his grief: let her be round with him;
And I'll be placed, so please you, in the ear
Of all their conference: if she find him not,
To England send him; or confine him, where
Your wisdom best shall think.

King. (L.) It shall be so:
Madness in great ones, must not unwatched go. [Exeunt, L. 1.]

Enter the FIRST ACTOR and HAMLET, R.

Ham. (R.) Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced
it to you, trippingly on the tongue; but, if you mouth
it, as many of our players do, I had as lieve the town-crier
spoke my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with
your hand, thus; but use all gently: for in the very tor-
rent, tempest, and (as I may say) whirlwind of your pas-
sion, you must acquire and beget a temperance, that may
give it smoothness. Oh, it offends me to the soul, to hear
a robustious, periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters,
to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings; who, for

No change of Scene.



Hamlet brings down chain
and etc.

4

Polonius

King

Queen

Ophelia - Saw to break.

Rosecranz

Guildenstern

Marcellus

Bernardo

Francisco.

6 Lords

6 Ladies

4 Pages.

Exit 1st Actor S.W.E.

Horatio takes up chair.

A

HAMLET.

41

the most part, are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb shows, and noise: I would have such a fellow whipped for o'erdoing Termagant; it out-herods Herod; pray you, avoid it.

1st Act. (R.) I warrant your honor. Crosses to S.

Ham. Be not too tame, neither; but let your own discretion be your tutor: suit the action to the word, and the word to the action; with this special observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature: for anything so overdone is from the purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first, and now, was and is, to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time, his form and pressure. Now this, overdone, or come tardy off, though it make the unskillful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve; the censure of which one, must, in your allowance, o'erweigh a whole theatre of others. Oh, there be players that I have seen play—and heard others praise, and that highly—not to speak it profanely, that neither having the accent of Christians, nor the gait of Christian, Pagan, or man, have so strutted, and bellowed, that I have thought some of nature's journeymen had made them, and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably.

1st Act. I hope we have reformed that indifferently with us.

Ham. (c.) Oh, reform it altogether. And let those, that play your clowns, speak no more than is set down for them; for there be of them, that will themselves laugh, to set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh too; though, in the meantime, some necessary question of the play be then to be considered; that's villainous; and shows a most pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it. Go, make you ready.—

Horatio! Horatio! [Exit 1st Actor, L. U. E.]

Enter HORATIO, R. U. E.

Hor. (R.) Here, sweet lord, at your service.

Ham. Horatio, thou art e'en as just a man
As e'er my conversation coped withal.

Hor. Oh, my dear lord!—

Ham. Nay, do not think I flatter:

For what advancement may I hope from thee,
That no revenue hast, but thy good spirits,
To feed and clothe thee? Why should the poor be flattered?

No, let the candied tongue lick absurd pomp,
And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee,
Where thrift may follow fawning. Dost thou hear?
Since my dear soul was mistress of her choice,
And could of men distinguish her election,
She hath sealed thee for herself: for thou hast been
As one, in suffering all, that suffers nothing:
A man, that fortune's buffets and rewards
Has ta'en with equal thanks: and blessed are those
Whose blood and judgment are so well co-mingled,
That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger
To sound what stop she please; give me that man
That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of heart,
As I do thee. Something too much of this.—
There is a play to-night before the king;
One scene of it comes near the circumstance,
Which I have told thee of my father's death.
I prythee, when thou see'st that act a-foot,
Even with the very comment of thy soul
Observe my uncle; if his occulted guilt
Do not itself unkennel in one speech,
It is a damned ghost that we have seen;
And my imaginations are as foul
As Vulcan's stithy; give him heedful note:
For I mine eyes will rivet to his face;
And, after, we will both our judgments join
In censure of his seeming.

Hor. Well, my lord.

[*Exit, R. U. E.*]

Ham. They are coming to the play; I must be idle.
Get you a place. [*Goes and stands, R.—Music.*]

Enter POLONIUS, KING, QUEEN, OPHELIA, ROSENCRANTZ,
GUILDENSTERN, OSRICK, MARCELLUS, BERNARDO, FRANCISCO,
Lords and Ladies, L. & E.

King. (*Seated.*) How fares our cousin Hamlet?

Horatio's boys.

5

2^d Actor Ophelia
Actress.

Music. pp

Music. forte.

Ophelia is brought on by Horatio
who leads her to chair. R. of C.

Ready bell for curtain

Ham. (R. c.) Excellent, i'faith; of the camelion's dish I eat; the air, promise-crammed; you cannot feed capons so.

King. I have nothing with this answer, Hamlet; these words are not mine.

Ham. No, nor mine now. My lord, you played once in the university, you say? [*To Polonius.*]

Pol. (c.) That did I, my lord; and was accounted a good actor.

Ham. (c.) And what did you enact?

Pol. I did enact Julius Cæsar: I was killed i'the capitol; Brutus killed me.

Ham. It was a brute part of him to kill so capital a calf there. Be the players ready?

Ros. Ay, my lord; they stay upon your patience.

Queen. Come hither, my dear Hamlet, sit by me.

Ham. No, good mother, here's metal more attractive.

Pol. Oh, ho! do you mark that? [*Aside to the King.*]

Ham. Lady, shall I lie in your lap?

[*Lying down at Ophelia's feet.*]

Oph. (*Seated, R.*) You are merry, my lord.

Ham. Oh! your only jig-maker. What should a man do but be merry? for, look you, how cheerfully my mother looks, and my father died within these two hours.

[*Polonius goes and stands at the back of the State Chairs, L.; Horatio stands R.*]

Oph. Nay, 'tis ~~twice~~ two months, my lord. - *Quite.*

Ham. So long? Nay, then, let the devil wear black, for I'll have a suit of sables. Oh heavens! die two months ago, and not forgotten yet? Then there's hope a great man's memory may outlive his life half a year: but, by'r-lady, he must build churches, then.

Oph. What means the play, my lord?

Ham. Miching mallecho; it means mischief.

Oph. But what is the argument of the play?

Enter SECOND ACTOR as the Prologue, on a raised Stage, L. V. E.

Ham. We shall know by this fellow:

2d Act. "For us, and for our tragedy,

Here stooping to your clemency,

We beg your hearing patiently."

[*Exit, R.*]

Ham. Is this a prologue, or the posy of a ring?

Oph. 'Tis brief, my lord.

Ham. As woman's love.

Enter FIRST ACTOR and the ACTRESS, L., as a Duke and Duchess; on the raised Stage. L. U. & C.

1st Act. "Full thirty times hath Phœbus' car gone round,

Since love our hearts, and Hymen did our hands
Unite commutual in most sacred bands."

Actress. "So many journeys may the sun and moon
Make us again count o'er ere love be done!
But, woe is me! you are so sick of late,
So far from cheer, and from your former state,
That I distrust you. Yet, though I distrust,
Discomfort you, my lord, it nothing must."

1st Act. "Faith, I must leave thee, love, and shortly too.

My operant powers their functions leave to do:
And thou shalt live in this fair world behind,
Honored, beloved,—and, haply, one as kind
For husband shalt thou"—

Actress. "Oh, confound the rest!
Such love must needs be treason in my breast:
In second husband let me be accurst!
None wed the second but who killed the first."

Ham. That's wormwood.

[Aside.

1st Act. "I do believe, you think what now you speak;
But what we do determine, oft we break.
So think thou wilt no second husband wed,
But die thy thoughts, when thy first lord is dead."

Actress. "Nor earth to me give food, nor heaven light,
Sport and repose lock from me, day and night,
Both here and hence, pursue me, lasting strife,
If once a widow, ever I be wife!"

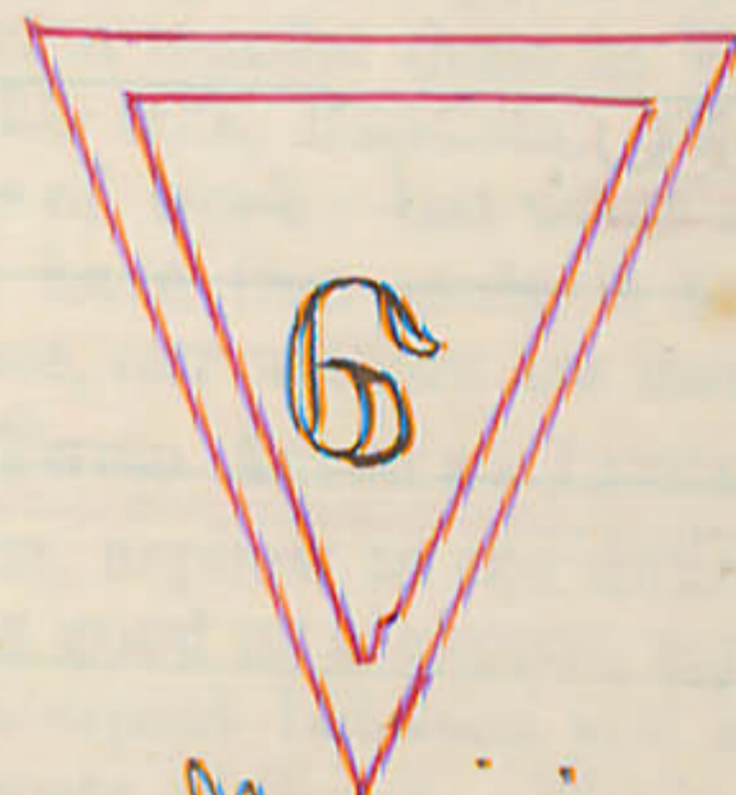
[Embraces him.

1st Act. "'Tis deeply sworn."

Ham. If she should break it now—

1st Act. "Sweet, leave me here awhile;
My spirits grow dull, and fain I would beguile
The tedious day with sleep." [Crosses to the seat—sleeps.

Actress. "Sleep rock thy brain;
And never come mischance between us twain." [Exit, L. H



Two Musicians - Recorder.

15 Horatio.

Ready Bell.

✓ King starts.

King. Curtain falls - Ophelia
wins R. V. O. King L. I. O.

Falls on Horatio's arm.

Ham. Madam, how like you this play?

Queen. The lady doth protest too much, methinks.

Ham. Oh, but she'll keep her word.

King. Have you heard the argument? Is there no offence in't?

Ham. No, no, they do but jest, poison in jest; no offence i' the world.

King. What do you call the play?

Ham. The mouse-trap. Marry, how? Tropically. This play is the image of a murder done in Vienna: Gonzago is the duke's name; his wife, Baptista. You shall see anon: 'tis a knavish piece of work: but what of that? your majesty, and we that have free souls, it touches us not; let the galled jade wince, our withers are unwrung.

Enter THIRD ACTOR as LUCIANUS, L.

This is one Lucianus, nephew to the duke.

Oph. You are as good as a chorus, my lord.

Ham. I could interpret between you and your love, if I could see the puppets dallying. Begin, murderer, leave thy damnable faces, and begin—

The croaking raven

Doth bellow for revenge.

3d Act. "Thoughts black, hands apt, drugs fit, and time agreeing:

Confederate season, else no creature seeing;
Thou mixture rank, of midnight weeds collected,
With Hecate's ban thrice blasted, thrice infected,
Thy natural magic, and dire property,
On wholesome life usurp immediately."

[Pours the poison into the sleeper's ear, and exit, L. U. E.]

Ham. He poisons him i' the garden for his estate. His name's Gonzago; the story is extant, and written in very choice Italian; you shall see anon, how the murderer gets the love of Gonzago's wife.

King. (Jumping up.) Give me some light:—away! # #

Pol. Lights, lights, lights!

[Exeunt all but Hamlet and Horatio, severally.]

Ham. (c.) "Why, let the stricken deer go weep,

The heart ungalled play:

For some must watch, while some must sleep;

Thus runs the world away."—

Oh, good Horatio, I'll take the Ghost's word for a thousand pound. Didst perceive?

Hor. (L. c.) Very well, my lord.

Ham. Upon the talk of the poisoning—

Hor. I did very well note him.

Ham. Ah, ha!—Come, some music; come, the recorders.

[*Exit Horatio, R. 1*]

For if the king like not the comedy,
Why then, belike, he likes it not—*par dieu.* [*Hamlet sits.*]

Enter GUILDENSTERN and ROSENCRANTZ, L. 1

Guil. (L.) Good my lord, vouchsafe me a word with you.

Ham. Sir, a whole history.

Guil. The king, sir—

Ham. Ay, sir, what of him?

Guil. Is in his retirement, marvellous distempered.

Ham. With drink, sir?

Guil. No, my lord, with choler.

Ham. Your wisdom should show itself more richer, to signify this to the doctor; for, for me to put him to his purgation, would, perhaps, plunge him into more choler.

Guil. Good my lord, put your discourse into some frame, and start not so wildly from my affair.

Ham. I am tame, sir: pronounce.

Guil. The queen, your mother, in most great affliction of spirit, has sent me to you.

Ham. You are welcome.

Guil. Nay, good my lord, this courtesy is not of the right breed. If it shall please you to make me a wholesome answer, I will do your mother's commandment; if not, your pardon, and my return shall be the end of my business.

Ham. Sir, I cannot.

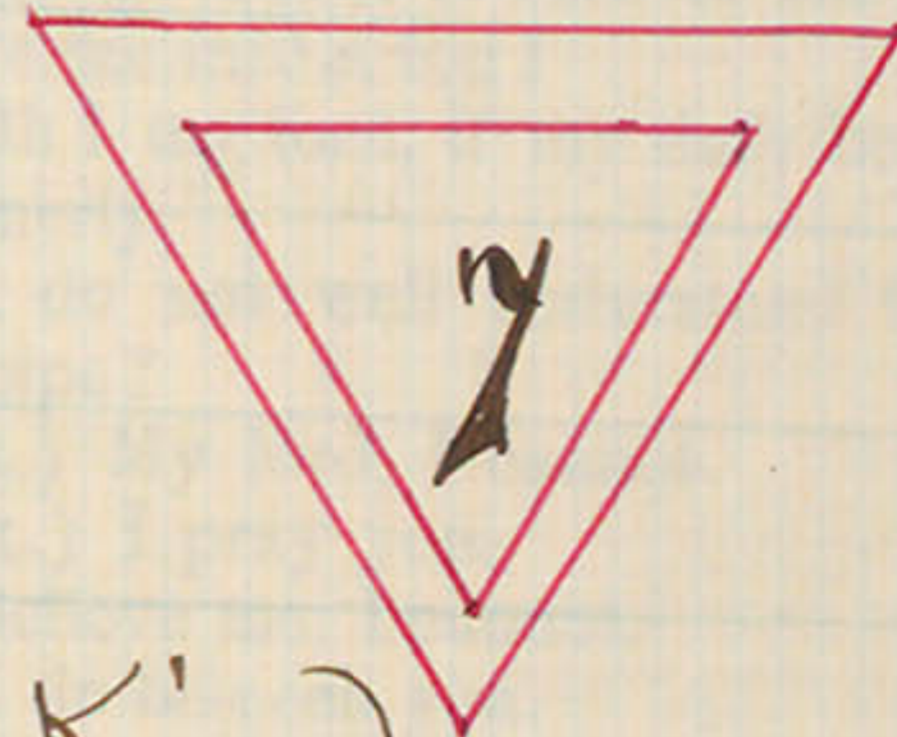
Guil. (L. c.) What, my lord?

Ham. Make you a wholesome answer; my wit's diseased: but, sir, such answer as I can make, you shall command: or, rather, as you say, my mother: therefore, no more, but to the matter: my mother, you say—

Ros. (L.) Then, thus she says: your behavior hath struck her into amazement and admiration.

Ham. Oh, wonderful son, that can so astonish a mother!

Shew Hamlet is seated.



King
Queen
Polonius.

But is there no sequel at the heels of this mother's admiration? impart.

Ros. She desires to speak with you, in her closet, ere you go to bed.

Ham. We shall obey, were she ten times our mother. Have you any further trade with us?

Ros. My lord, you once did love me.

Ham. And do still, by these pickers and stealers.

Ros. Good, my lord; what is your cause of distemper? You do surely bar the door upon your own liberty, if you deny your griefs to your friend.

Ham. Sir, I lack advancement.

Ros. How can that be, when you have the voice of the King himself for your succession in Denmark?

Ham. Ay, sir; but, *while the grass grows*—The proverb is something musty. [Crosses, R.]

Enter HORATIO and two Musicians, R, with Recorders. R.1.

Ham. Oh! the recorders; let me see one. (Takes one.)—
To withdraw with you:—[Guildestern crosses behind to R.
[Exeunt Horatio and Musicians, R.

Why do you go about to recover the wind of me, as if you would drive me into a toil?

Guil. Oh! my lord, if my duty be too bold, my love is too unmannerly.

Ham. I do not well understand that. Will you play upon this pipe?

Guil. (L.) My lord, I cannot.

Ham. (L.) I pray you.

Guil. Believe me, I cannot.

Ham. I do beseech you.

Ros. I know no touch of it, my lord.

Ham. 'Tis as easy as lying: govern these ventages with your fingers and thumb, give it breath with your mouth, and it will discourse most eloquent music. Look you, these are the stops.

Guil. But these cannot I command to any utterance of harmony; I have not the skill. (O)

Ham. Why, look you now, how unworthy a thing you make of me! You would play upon me; you would seem to know my stops; you would pluck out the heart of my

See two servants ready
to clear above 1st grooves.

⊙ Hamlet touches Guilden-
stern and he retires a little

mystery ; you would sound me from my lowest note to the top of my compass : and there is much music, excellent voice, in this little organ ; yet cannot you make it speak. 'Sdeath, do you think I am easier to be played on than a pipe ? Call me what instrument you will, though you may fret me, you cannot play upon me. [Crosses, R.]

Enter POLONIUS, R. 1"

Pol. (R. C.) My lord, the Queen would speak with you, and presently.

Ham. Do you see yonder cloud, that's almost in shape of a camel ?

Pol. By the mass, and 'tis like a camel, indeed.

Ham. Methinks, it is like a weasel.

Pol. It is backed like a weasel.

Ham. Or, like a whale.

Pol. Very like a whale.

Ham. Then will I come to my mother by-and-bye.—They fool me to the top of my bent. I will come by-and-bye.

Pol. I will say so.

Ham. (R.) By-and-bye is easily said. [Exit Polonius, R. 1"]
Leave me, friends.

[Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, R.]

'Tis now the very witching time of night ;
When church-yards yawn, and hell itself breathes out
Contagion to this world. Now could I drink hot blood,
And do such business as the better day
Would quake to look on. Soft—now to my mother.
Oh ! heart, lose not thy nature ; let not ever
The soul of Nero enter this firm bosom :
Let me be cruel—not unnatural :
I will speak daggers to her, but use none. [Exit, R.]

SCENE III.—A Room in the Palace.

Enter the KING, ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN, L.

King. (C.) I like him not ; nor stands it safe with us,
To let this madness range. Therefore, prepare you :
I your commission will forthwith dispatch,
And he to England shall along with you :
Arm you, I pray you, to this speedy voyage ;

and Guildenstern returns to L.

① Hamlet takes Polonius' staff crosses
and points— Polonius crosses to
R—sees Hamlet's face intently and
then looks in the direction indi-
cated by him.

For we will fetters put upon this fear,
Which now goes too free-footed.

[Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern. L.]

Enter POLONIUS, R.

Pol. (R.) My lord, he's going to his mother's closet,
Behind the arras I'll convey myself,
To hear the process; I'll warrant she'll tax him home;
And, as you said, and wisely was it said,
'Tis meet that some more audience, than a mother,
Since nature makes them partial, should o'erhear
The speech of vantage. Fare you well, my liege;— crossing L.
I'll call upon you e'er you go to bed,
And tell you what I know.

King. Thanks, dear my lord.

[Exeunt King, R., Polonius, L.]

3

SCENE IV.—The Queen's Closet.

Enter QUEEN and POLONIUS, L.

Pol. (L.) He will come straight. Look, you lay home to
him:

Tell him his pranks have been too broad to bear with;
And that your grace hath screened and stood between
Much heat and him. I'll sounce me even here.
Pray you be round with him.

Queen. (c.) I'll warrant you—
Fear me not. Withdraw, I hear him coming.

[Polonius conceals himself behind the arras, L. S. R.]

Enter HAMLET, R. D.

Ham. (R.) Now, mother, what's the matter?

Queen. (L.) Hamlet, thou hast thy father much offended

Ham. Mother, you have my father much offended.

Queen. Come, come, you answer with an idle tongue.

Ham. (R. c.) Go, go, you question with a wicked tongue.

Queen. (c.) Why, how now, Hamlet?

Ham. What is the matter now?

Queen. Have you forgot me?

Ham. No, by the rood, not so;

You are the queen, your husband's brother's wife;
And—'would it were not so!—you are my mother. ♡

See all ready behind the
Change.

Hamlet places chairs

Queen. Nay, then, I'll set those to you that can speak.

Ham. Come, come, and sit you down; you shall not budge;

You go not, till I set you up a glass.

Where you may see the inmost part of you.

Queen. What wilt thou do? Thou wilt not murder me? Help, help, ho!

Pol. (Behind.) What, ho, help!

Ham. How now, a rat? [Draws. Dead, for a ducat, dead! [Makes a pass through the arras.]

Pol. (Behind.) Oh! Oh! Oh! [Falls and dies.]

Queen. (R. c.) Oh, me! what hast thou done!

Ham. Nay, I know not— Slight pause
Is it the king? She shrieks.

Queen. Oh, what a rash and bloody deed is this!

Ham. A bloody deed; almost as bad, good mother, As kill a king, and marry with his brother.

Queen. As kill a king?

Ham. Ay, lady, 'twas my word.

[Lifts up the arras, and sees Polonius.]

Thou wretched, rash, intruding fool, farewell!

I took thee for thy better. [To the Queen.]

Leave wringing of your hands—peace—sit you down, . . .

And let me wring your heart; (Gets chairs.) for so I shall,

If it be made of penetrable stuff;

If damned custom have not brazed it so,

That it be proof and bulwark against sense. [Both sit, c.]

Queen. (R. of Hamlet.) What have I done that thou dar'st wag thy tongue

In noise so rude against me?

Ham. Such an act

That blurs the blush and grace of modesty;

Calls virtue, hypocrite: takes off the rose

From the fair forehead of an innocent love,

And sets a blister there; makes marriage vows

As false as dicers' oaths. Oh! such a deed,

As from the body of contraction plucks

The very soul; and sweet religion makes

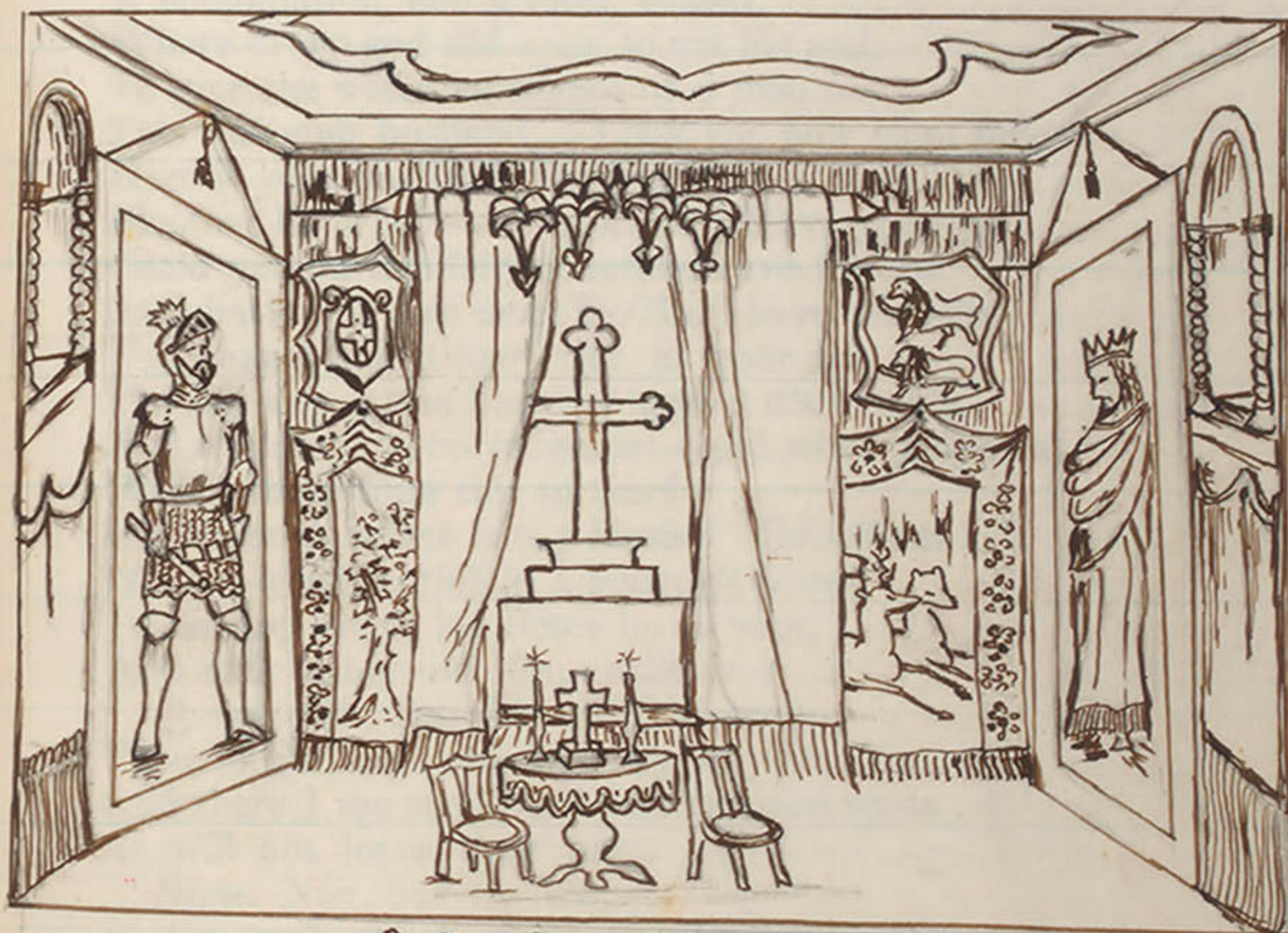
A rhapsody of words—

Ah, me! that act!

Queen. Ah, me! what act?

Ghost.

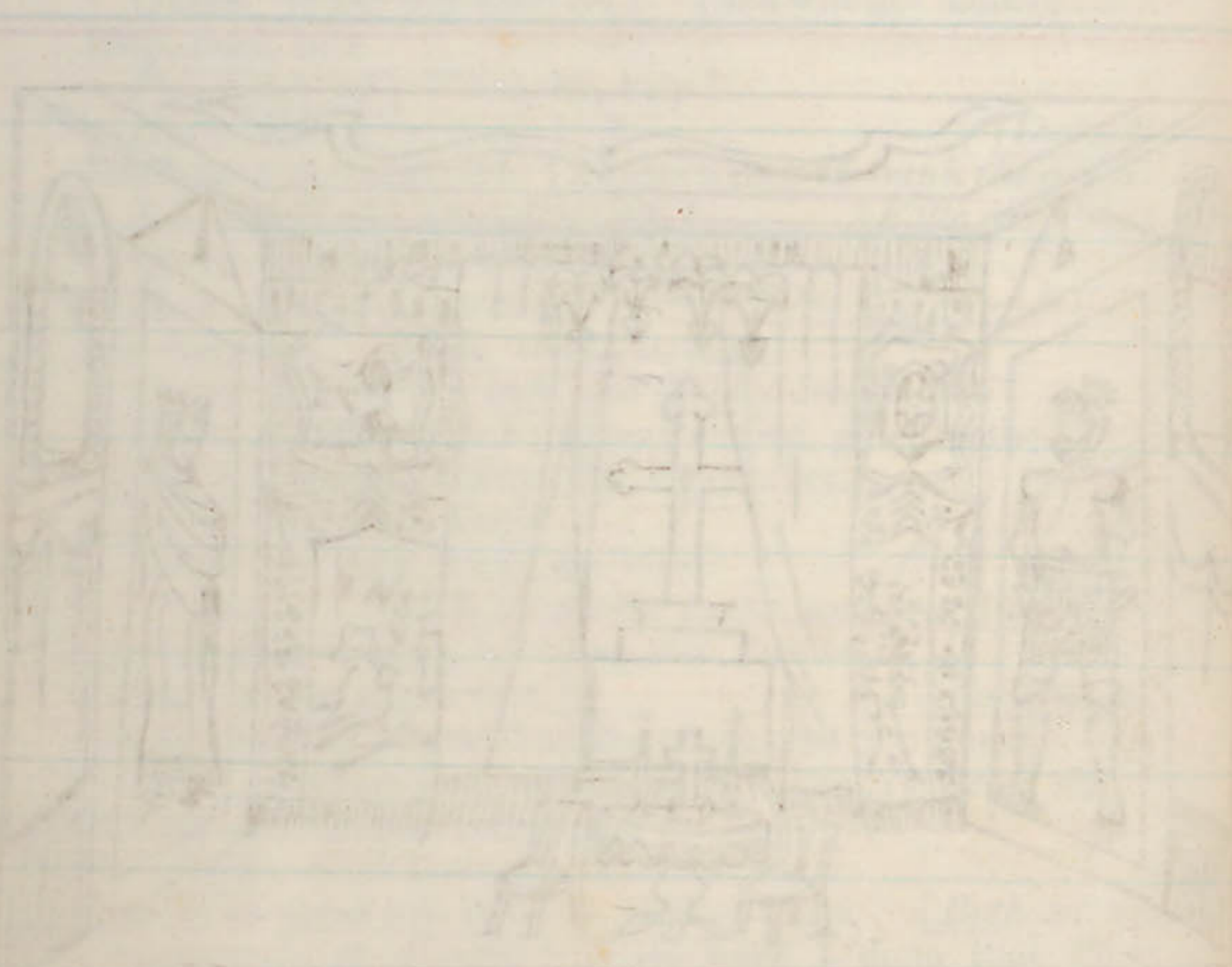
She tries to stop him - he passes her to R.



Act 3" Sc 3"

Introduced lines.

Ready Lights. and mind
doors R and L for Ghost,



✓ She turns away her face
She flings herself on her knees
before Hamlet.

Lights Down.

R M. B.

Ham. Look here, upon this picture, and on this ;
The counterfeit presentment of two brothers.
See, what a grace was seated on this brow—
Hyperion's curls ; the front of Jove himself :
An eye like Mars, to threaten and command ;
A station like the herald Mercury,
New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill ;
A combination, and a form, indeed,
Where every god did seem to set his seal,
To give the world assurance of a man :—
This was your husband.—Look you now what follows :
Here is your husband, like a mildew'd ear,
Blasting his wholesome brother. Have you eyes ?
Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed,
And batten on this moor ? ✓ Ha ! have you eyes ?
You cannot call it love : for, at your age,
The hey-day in the blood is tame ; it's humble,
And waits upon the judgment—and what judgment
Would stoop from this to this ?
Oh, shame ! where is thy blush ? Rebellious hell,
If thou canst mutine in a matron's bones,
To flaming youth let virtue be as wax,
And melt in her own fire. #

Queen. Oh, Hamlet, speak no more ;
Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very soul ;
And there I see such black and grained spots
As will not leave their tinct.

Ham. Nay, but to live
In the rank sweat of an enseamed bed—

Queen. No more, sweet Hamlet.

Ham. A murderer, and a villain ;
A slave that is not twentieth part the tythe
Of your precedent lord—a vice of kings ;
A cutpurse of the empire and the rule,
That from a shelf the precious diadem stole,
And put it in his pocket—

Enter GHOST, R.

A king of shreds and patches— [They rise.
Save me, and hover o'er me with your wings,
You heavenly guards ! what would your gracious figure ?

[Looks at the Ghost—the Queen looks a contrary way.]

Queen. Alas! he's mad.

Ham. Do you not come your tardy son to chide,
That, lapsed in time and passion, lets go by
The important acting of your dread command?
Oh, say!

Ghost. (R.) Do not forget—this visitation
Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose.
But, look, amazement on thy mother sits:
Oh, step between her and her fighting soul.
Speak to her, Hamlet.

Ham. How is it with you, lady?

Queen. Alas! how is't with you
That you do bend your eye on vacancy,
And with the incorporal air do hold discourse?
Oh, gentle son,

Upon the heat and flame of thy distemper
Sprinkle cool patience. Whereon do you look?

Ham. On him! on him!—Look you, how pale he
glares!

His form and cause conjoined, preaching to stones,
Would make them capable. (To Ghost.) Do not look
upon me;

Lest, with this piteous action, you convert
My stern effects; then what I have to do,
Will want true color; tears, perchance for blood.

Queen. To whom do you speak this?

Ham. Do you see nothing there? [Pointing, R.]

Queen. Nothing at all; yet all that is I see.

Ham. Nor did you nothing hear?

Queen. No, nothing but ourselves. [Ghost crosses, R.]

Ham. Why, look you there! look how it steals away!

My father in his habit as he lived!
Look where he goes, even now, out at the portal!

[Exit Ghost, L.]

Queen. This is the very coinage of your brain:
This bodiless creation, ecstasy
Is very cunning in.

Ham. Ecstasy!

My pulse, as yours, doth temperately keep time,
And makes as healthful music: it is not madness
That I have uttered: bring me to the test,

① She shrieks and turns her head
over Hamlet's shoulder to L.


She looks all around before she
speaks.

She shrieks and turns her face to R.
Lights Up.

Hamlet against proscenium.
She goes to him

✓ crosses to R with her

As Hamlet goes up - Ring.



King
Rosencrantz
Guildenstern
Queen
Hamlet
Horatio
Ophelia

Act

Basket of Flowers
and straw.

And I the matter will re-word ; which madness
Would gambol from. Mother, for love of grace,
Lay not that flattering unction to your soul,
That not your trespass, but my madness, speaks ;
It will but skin and film the ulcerous place ;
Whiles rank corruption, mining all within,
Infects unseen. Confess yourself to heaven ;
Repent what's past ;—avoid what is to come.

Queen. Oh, Hamlet ! thou hast cleft my heart in twain.

Ham. (c.) Oh ! throw away the worser part of it,
And live the purer with the other half. ✓

Good night ; but go not to my uncle's bed ;
Assume a virtue, if you have it not.

Once more, good night ! She returns to him.

And when you are desirous to be blessed,
I'll blessing beg of you.—For this same lord,
I do repent :

I will bestow him, and will answer well
The death I gave him. So, again, good night !—

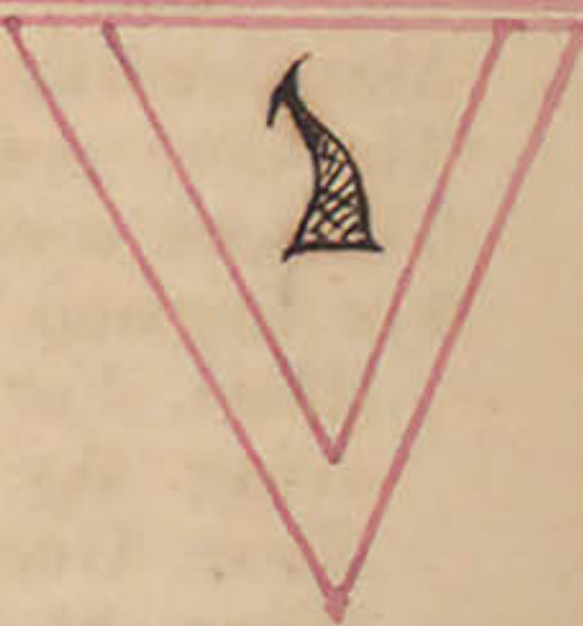
[Exit Queen, R.]

I must be cruel, only to be kind :

Thus bad begins, and worse remains behind.

[Exit, L.]

END OF ACT III.



ACT IV.

SCENE I.—The Palace.

Enter the KING, L., attended. L.I."

King. (L. c.) How dangerous is it, that this man goes
loose !

Yet must not we put the strong law on him ;
He's loved of the distracted multitude,
Who like not in their judgment, but their eyes ;
And, where 'tis so, the offender's scourge is weighed,
But never the offence.

Enter ROSENCRANTZ, R. 2.

How now? what hath befallen?

Ros. (R.) Where the dead body is bestowed, my lord,
We cannot get from him.

King. But where is he?

Ros. Without, my lord, guarded, to know your pleasure

King. Bring him before us.

Ros. Ho, Guildenstern! bring in my lord.

Enter GUILDENSTERN and HAMLET, R. 2.

King (c.) Now, Hamlet, where's Polonius?

Ham. At supper.

King. At supper! where?

Ham. (R. c.) Not where he eats, but where he is eaten:
a certain convocation of politic worms are e'en at him.

King. Where is Polonius?

Ham. In heaven; send thither to see; if your messenger find him not there, seek him in the other place yourself. V

—But, indeed, if you find him not within this month, you shall nose him as you go up stairs into the lobby.

King. Go, seek him there.

Ham. He will stay till you come. [Exit Guildenstern, R. 1] #

King. (L. c.) Hamlet, this deed, for thine especial safety,

Must send thee hence;

Therefore, prepare thyself:—

The bark is ready, and the wind at help,

For England.

Ham. For England!

King. Ay, Hamlet.

Ham. Good.

King. So is it, if thou knewest our purposes.

Ham. I see a cherub, that sees them.—But, come; for England!—Farewell, dear mother.

King. Thy loving father, Hamlet.

Ham. My mother:—Father and mother is man and wife;
man and wife is one flesh; and so, my mother. Come, for England. [Exit, R. 1]

King. Follow him at foot, tempt him with speed aboard;
Away; for every thing is sealed and done—

[Exit Rosencrantz, R. 1]

V King stamps and crosses L

angrily and back

Guildenstern smiles as he exits

2

Marcellus

Laertes

Dupers to shout S.U.E.

Ready Shouts and Drum
S.U.E.

Oph.

Queen

King.

R

I

2

HAMLET.

55

And England, (L.) if my love thou hold'st at aught,
Let it be testified in Hamlet's death.

[Exit, L.]

Enter the QUEEN and HORATIO, C

Queen. (L. c.) I will not speak with her.

Hor. (R.) She is importunate : indeed, distract :
'Twere good she were spoken with ; for she may strew
Dangerous conjectures in ill-breeding minds.

Queen. Let her come in.

[Exit Horatio, R. C.]

Oph. (Without, L.) Where is the beauteous majesty of
Denmark ?

Queen. (R.) How now, Ophelia ?

Re-enter HORATIO with OPHELIA, L.—Horatio stands, L. c.,
and a few paces back.

Oph. (c.) (Sings.) How should I your true love know
From another one ?

By his cockle hat and staff,
And his sandal shoon.

Queen. Alas ! sweet lady, what imports this song ?

Oph. Say you ? nay, pray you, mark.

(Sings.) He is dead and gone, lady,
He is dead and gone ;
At his head a grass-green turf,
At his heels a stone.

Enter the KING, L., and stands, L. c.

Queen. Nay, but, Ophelia—

Oph. Pray you, mark.

(Sings.) White his shroud as the mountain snow,
Larded all with sweet flowers,
Which bewept to the grave did go,
With true-love showers. [Crosses to the King.]

King. How do you, pretty lady ?

Oph. Well, heaven 'ield you ! They say, the owl was a
baker's daughter. We know what we are, but know not
what we may be.

King. Conceit upon her father.

Oph. Pray, let's have no words of this ; but when they
ask you what it means, say this—

Plaintively.

1. How should I your true love know, From an-oth - er

2. He is dead and gone, la-dy, He is dead and

3. White his shroud as the mountain snow, Larded all with sweet

pp

one? By his cockle hat and staff, And his san-dal shoon.

gone! At his head a grass-green turf, At his heels a stone.

flow'rs, Which bewept to the grave did not go, With true-love showers.

Moderately Gay.

1. To - mor-row is St. Valentine's day, All in the morning be -

2. Then up he rose, and don'd his clothes, And dupp'd the chamber

p

- time, And I a maid at your window, To be your Va-len-tine.

door, Let in the maid that out a maid, Never de-part-ed more.

(Sings) Good morrow, 'tis Saint Valentine's day,
All in the morning betime,
And I a maid at your window,
To be your Valentine.

King. Pretty Ophelia!

Oph. Indeed, without an oath, I'll make an end on't.

(Sings.) Then up he rose, and donned his clothes,
And dupp'd the chamber door;
Let in the maid, that out a maid
Never departed more. [Crosses, R.]

King. How long hath she been thus?

Oph. (R.) I hope all will be well. We must be patient;
but I cannot choose but weep, to think they should lay
him i'the cold ground; my brother shall know of it, and so
I thank you for your good counsel. Come, my coach.
Good night, ladies! good night, sweet ladies; good night,
good night. [Exit, R. C.]

King. (R. c.) Follow her close: give her good watch, I
pray you. [Exit Horatio, R. C.]

Oh! this is the poison of deep grief; it springs
All from her father's death. [Noise of arms without, L.]

Enter MARCELLUS, L. U. E.

What's the matter?

Mar. Save yourself, my lord!
The young Laertes, in a riotous head,
O'erbears your officers; the rabble call him lord;
They cry, "Choose we; Laertes shall be king!"
Caps, hands, and tongues applaud it to the clouds,
"Laertes shall be king!—Laertes king!"

[Noise without, L.]

Laer. (Without, L.) Where is this king?—Sirs, stand
you all without.

Enter LAERTES, L. U. E.

Oh, thou vile king!—

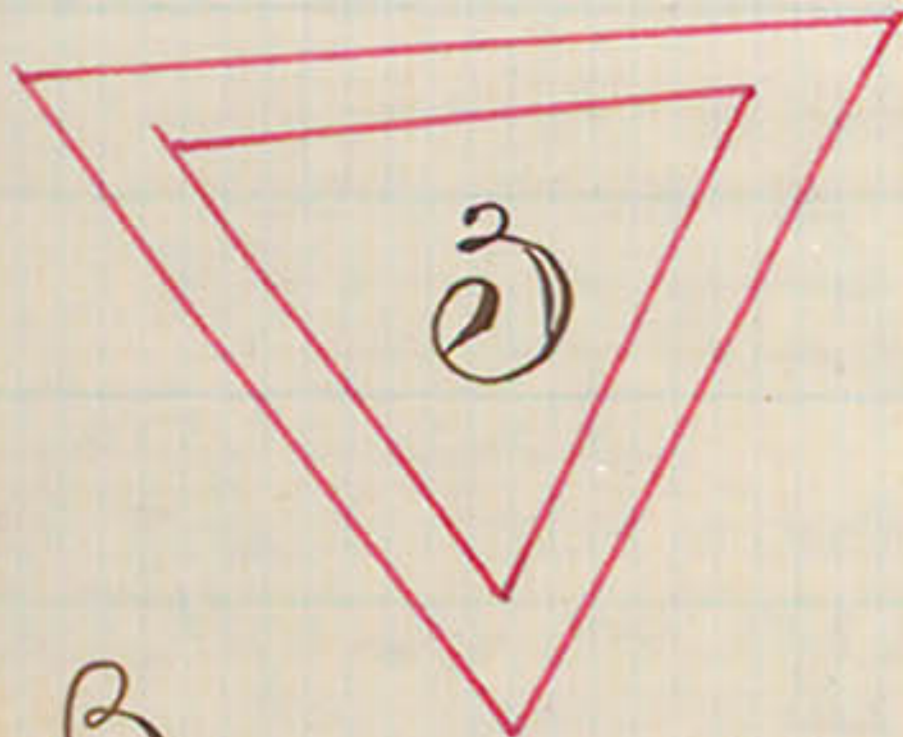
Give me my father. [Exit Marcellus, L. U. E.]

Queen. Calmly, good Laertes.

Laer. (L.) That drop of blood that's calm, proclaims me
bastard;

∇ Shouts and Drum pp.

○ Shouts Drum and
Clash of weapons.



Bernardo

written letter no 2.

Two blank letters

Cries cuckold to my father ; brands the harlot .
Even here, between the chaste, unsmirched brow
Of my true mother.

King. What is the cause, Laertes,
That thy rebellion looks so giant-like ?—
Let him go, Gertrude ; do not fear our person :
There's such a divinity doth hedge a king,
That treason can but peep to what it would.
Let him go, Gertrude.

Laer. Where's my father ?

King. Dead.

Queen. (c.) But not by him.

King. Let him demand his fill.

Laer. (L. c.) How came he dead ? I'll not be juggled
with :

To hell, allegiance !

To this point I stand,—

That both the worlds I give to negligence,
Let come what comes ; only I'll be revenged
Most thoroughly for my father.

King. Who shall stay you ?

Laer. My will, not all the world's :

And for my means, I'll husband them so well,
They shall go far with little.

King. (R. c.) Good Laertes,
That I am guiltless of your father's death,
And am most sensibly in grief for it,
It shall as level to your judgment 'pear,
As day does to your eye.

Hor. (*Without, R.*) Oh, poor Ophelia !

King. Let her come in.

Enter OPHELIA. ^C~~R.~~, fantastically bedecked with long wheat
straws and flowers.

Laer. (L. c.) Oh, rose of May—
Dear maid, kind sister, sweet Ophelia !
Oh, heavens : is it possible, a young maid's wits
Should be as mortal as an old man's life ?

Oph. (Sings.) They bore him bare-faced on the bier ;
And in his grave rained many a tear —
Fare you well, my dove !

Laer. (c.) Hadst thou thy wits, and didst persuade revenge,

It could not move thus.

Oph. (c.) You must sing : (*Sings.*)

Down a-down, an' you call him a-down-a.

Oh, how the wheel becomes it! It is the false steward, that stole his master's daughter.

Laer. This nothing's more than matter.

Oph. (*To Laertes.*) There's rosemary, that's for remembrance; pray you, love, remember; and there is pansies, that's for thoughts.

Laer. A document in madness; thoughts and remembrance fitted.

Oph. There's fennel for you, and columbines. (*To the King, R. c.*) There's rue for you. (*To the Queen, R*) and here's some for me:—we may call it herb of grace o'Sundays—you may wear your rue with a difference.—There's a daisy. I would give you some violets, but they withered all when my father died.—They say he made a good end.—

(*Sings.*)—"For my bonny sweet Robin is all my joy." crosses C.

Laer. Thought and affliction, passion hell itself, She turns to favor, and to prettiness.

Oph. (*Sings.—Kneeling, R. c.*)

And will he not come again?

And will he not come again?

No, no, he is dead,

Go to thy death-bed.

He never will come again.

(*Rises.*)—His beard was as white as snow,

All flaxen was his poll:

(c.)—He is gone, he is gone,

And we cast away moan;

And peace be with his soul!

And with all christian souls! I pray heaven.

[*Exeunt Ophelia and Queen, L.*]

King. (R.) Laertes, I must commune with your grief, Or you deny me right. Go but apart, Make choice of whom your wisest friends you will, And they shall hear and judge 'twixt you and me: If by direct, or by collateral hand

Queen leads Ophelia off
L. V. E.

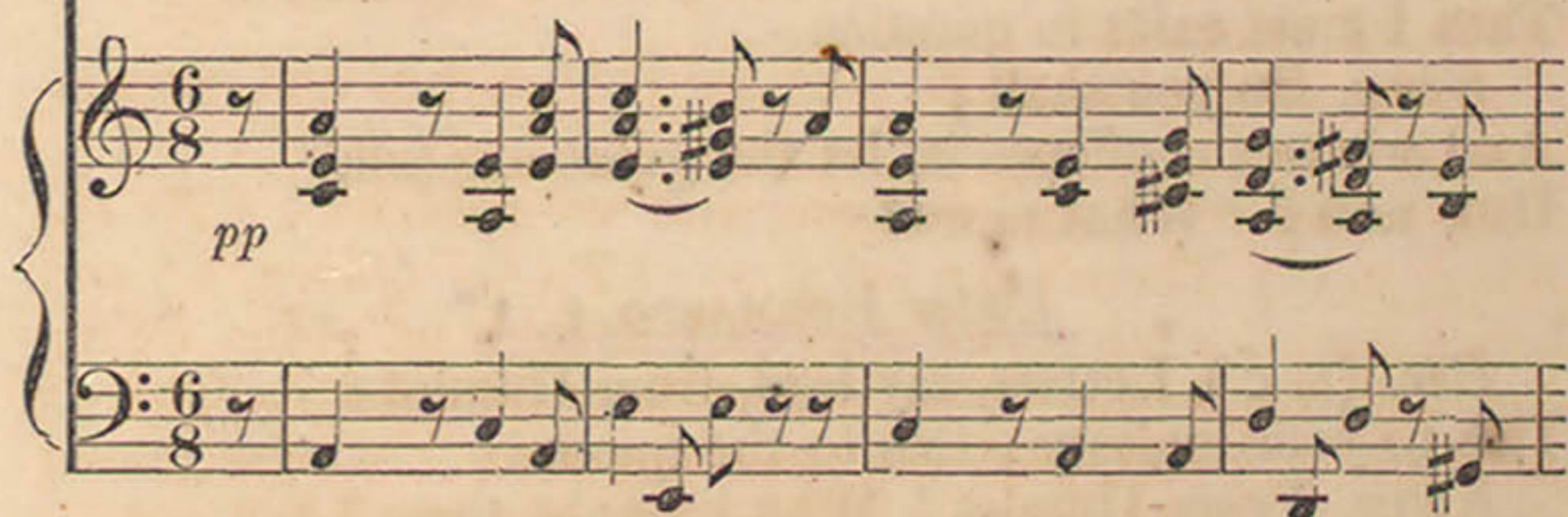
Plaintively.



1. And will he not come again? And will he not come a - gain? No,



2. His beard was as white as snow, All flax - en was his poll; He is



no, he is dead, Go to thy death-bed; He never will come a - gain.



gone! he is gone, and we cast away moan; God a mercy on his soul!



They find us touched, we will our kingdom give,
Our crown, our life, and all that we call ours,
To you in satisfaction ; but, if not
Be you content to lend your patience to us,
And we shall jointly labor with your soul,
To give it due content.

Laer. (R. c.) Let this be so ;
His means of death, his obscure funeral,
No trophy, sword or hatchment, o'er his bones,
No noble right, nor formal ostentation—
Cry to be heard, as 'twere, from heaven to earth,
That I must call't in question.

King. So you shall ;
And where the offence is, let the great axe fall.
How now ? What news ?

Enter BERNARDO, L. 1"

Ber. (L. c.) Letters, my lord, from Hamlet :
This to your majesty ; this to the queen.

King. From Hamlet ! Who brought them ?

Ber. Sailors, my lord, they say ; I saw them not.

King. Laertes, you shall hear them.

Leave us. [To Bernardo, who crosses and exits, R. 1"

(*Reads.*) "High and mighty, you shall know, I am set naked
on your kingdom. To-morrow shall I beg leave to see your
kingly eyes : when I shall, first asking your pardon there-
unto, recount the occasion of my sudden and more strange
return."

"HAMLET."

What should this mean ? Are all the rest come back ?

Or is it some abuse, and no such thing ?

Laer. (R.) Know you the hand ?

King. 'Tis Hamlet's character.—"Naked"—

And, in a postscript here, he says, "alone."

Can you advise me ?

Laer. I'm lost in't, my lord. But let him come ;
It warms the very sickness in my heart,
That I shall live and tell him to his teeth,
"Thus diddest thou."

King. If it be so, Laertes,
Will you be ruled by me ?

Laer. Ay, my lord ;
So you will not o'er-rule me to a peace.

Written Letter No 2.

✓ Bernardo bows crosses
behind and exits R 1" face
to King.

R. M. B.

King. To thine own peace.
You have been talked of since your travel much,
And that in Hamlet's hearing, for a quality
Wherein, they say, you shine.

Laer. What part is that, my lord?

King. A very ribband in the cap of youth.
Here was a gentleman of Normandy—
He made confession of you;
And gave you such a masterly report
For art and exercise in your defence,
And for your rapier most especial,
That he cried out, 'twould be a sight indeed,
If one could match you:
This report of his,
Did Hamlet so envenom with his envy,
That he could nothing do, but wish and beg
Your sudden coming o'er to play with you.
Now, out of this—

Laer. What out of this, my lord?

King. Laertes, was your father dear to you?
Or, are you like the painting of a sorrow
A face without a heart?

Laer. Why ask you this?

King. Hamlet comes back: what would you undertake
To show yourself in deed your father's son,
More than in words?

Laer. To cut his throat i' the church.

King. No place, indeed, should murder sanctuarize.
Hamlet returned, shall know you are come home:
We'll put on those shall praise your excellence,
And set a double varnish on the fame
The Frenchman gave you; bring you, in fine, together
And wager o'er your heads: he, being remiss,
Most generous, and free from all contriving,
Will not peruse the foils; so, that with ease,
Or with a little shuffling, you may choose
A sword unbated, and, in a pass of practice,
Requite him for your father.

Laer. I will do't:

And, for the purpose, I'll anoint my sword.
I bought an unction of a mountebank,

So mortal, that, but dip a knife in it,
Where it draws blood, no cataplasm so rare,
Collected from all simples that have virtue
Under the moon, can save the thing from death,
That is but scratched withal : I'll touch my point
With this contagion ; that, if I gall him slightly,
It may be death.

King. Let's further think of this ;
We'll make a solemn wager on your cunnings.
When in your motion you are hot and dry,
(As make your bouts more violent to that end,)
And that he calls for drink, I'll have preferred him
A chalice for the nonce ; whereon but sipping,
If he by chance escape your venom'd stuck,
Our purpose may hold there. ✓ But stay, what noise ?

Enter the QUEEN, L. 1"

Queen. (L.) One woe doth tread upon another's heel,
So fast they follow :—your sister's drowned, Laertes.

Laer. (R.) Drowned ! Oh, where ?

Queen. (c.) There is a willow grows ascaunt the brook
That shows his hoar leaves in the glassy stream :
Therewith fantastic garlands did she make
Of crow-flowers, nettles, daisies, and long purples ;
There on the pendant boughs her coronet weeds
Clambering to hang, an envious sliver broke ;
When down her weedy trophies and herself,
Fell into the weeping brook.

Laer. I forbid my tears :—but yet
It is our trick ; nature her custom holds,
Let shame say what it will :—
Adieu, my lord !
I have a speech of fire, that fain would blaze,
But that this folly drowns it.

[Exeunt Laertes, R., King and Queen, L.]

END OF ACT IV.

✓ Queen sobs without.

Exit Laertes R 1" . King
and Queen going up C.
as curtain falls.

Kind Instruments

Trumpet and Drum up.

Act.



First Gravedigger

Pick Axe.

Second Gravedigger

Coil of Rope.

Spade.

Hamlet

Horatio

act.

HAMLET.

65

ACT V.

SCENE I.—A Church Yard.

Enter two GRAVE-DIGGERS, L. S. E. Discovers

1st Grave. (c.) Is she to be buried in christian burial, that wilfully seeks her own salvation?

2d Grave. (c.) I tell thee, she is; therefore, make her grave straight; the crowner hath set on her, and finds it christian burial.

1st Grave. (r.) How can that be, unless she drowned herself in her own defence?

2d Grave. Why, 'tis found so.

1st Grave. It must be *se offendendo*; it cannot be else. (r. c.) For here lies the point: if I drown myself wittingly, it argues an act; and an act hath three branches; it is, to act, to do, and to perform. Argal, she drowned herself wittingly.

2d Grave. Nay, but hear you, goodman delver.

1st Grave. Give me leave. (Crosses, L.) Here lies the water; good: (Crosses, R.) here stands the man; good. If the man go to this water, and drown himself, it is, will he, nill he, he goes: mark you that: but, if the water come to him, and drown him, he drowns not himself. Argal, he that is not guilty of his own death shortens not his own life.

2d Grave. But is this law?

1st Grave. Ay, marry is't, crowner's-quest law.

2d Grave. Will you ha' the truth on't? If this had not been a gentlewoman, she should have been buried out of christian burial.

1st Grave. Why, there thou say'st; and the more pity, that great folks should have countenance in this world to drown or hang themselves, more than their even Christian. (c.) Come, my spade. There is no ancient gentlemen but gardeners, ditchers, and grave-makers; they hold up Adam's profession.

2d Grave. Was he a gentleman?

1st Grave. He was the first that ever bore arms. I'll put a question to thee: if thou answerest me not to the purpose, confess thyself—

2d Grave. Go to.

1st Grave. What is he, that builds stronger than either the mason, shipwright, or the carpenter?

2d Grave. The gallows-maker; for that frame out-lives a thousand tenants.

1st Grave. I like thy wit well, in good faith; the gallows does well. But how does it well? it does well to those that do ill: now thou dost ill to say the gallows is built stronger than the church. Argal, the gallows may do well to thee. To't again: come.

2d Grave. Who builds stronger than a mason, a shipwright, or a carpenter?

1st Grave. Ay, tell me that, and unyoke.

2d Grave. Marry, now I can tell.

1st Grave. To't.

2d Grave. Mass, I cannot tell.

1st Grave. Cudgel thy brains no more about it; for your dull ass will not mend his pace with beating; and, when you are asked this question next, say, a grave-maker; the houses that he makes last till doomsday. Go, get thee to Yaughan, and fetch me a stoup of liquor.

[Exit 2d Grave-digger, L. 2d Grave-digger sings while digging.]

In youth, when I did love, did love,
Methought it was very sweet, - a - ah -
To contract, oh, the time, for, ah, my behove,
Oh, methought there was nothing meet! - a - ah.

Enter HAMLET and HORATIO, and stand behind the Grave, c. L

Ham. Has this fellow no feeling of his business? he sings at grave-making.

Hor. (R. c.) Custom hath made it in him a property of easiness.

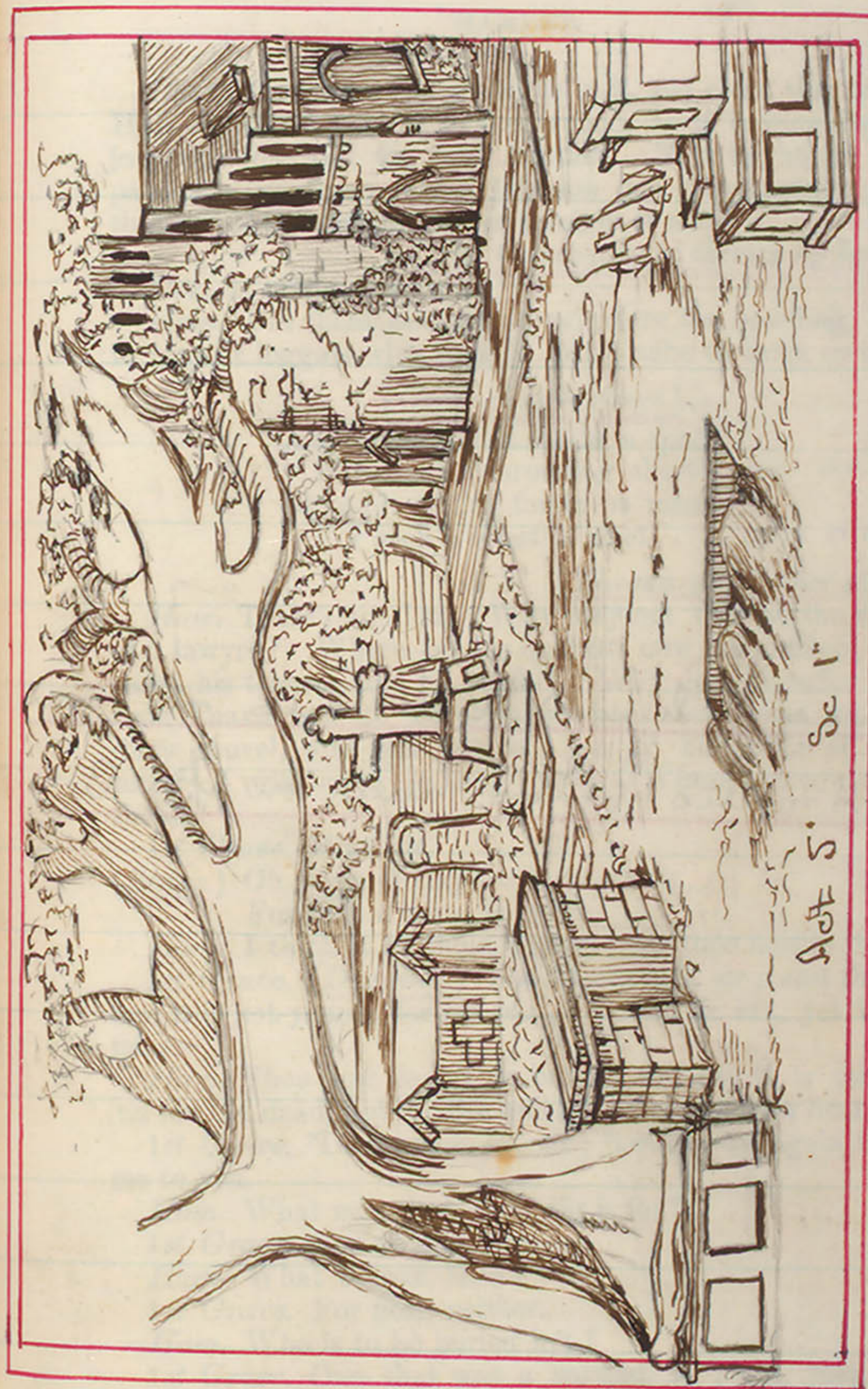
Ham. (R. c.) 'Tis e'en so: the hand of little employment hath the daintier sense.

(Grave-digger sings.)

But age, with his stealing steps, - a - ah -
Hath clawed me in his clutch,
And hath shipped me into the land, a - ah -
As if I had never been such.

[Throws up a skull.]

Gal - lus.



Act 5. Sc 1

Ham. That skull had a tongue in it, and could sing once. How the knave jowls it to the ground, as if 'it were Cain's jaw-bone that did the first murder? This might be the pate of a politician, which this ass now o'er-reaches; one that would circumvent heaven; might it not?

(The Grave-digger throws up bones.)

Hor. It might, my lord.

Ham. Did these bones cost no more the breeding, but to play at loggats with them? Mine ache to think on't.

[Grave-digger sings.]

A pick-axe and a spade, a spade,

For—and a shrouding sheet: a-ah,

Oh, a pit of clay for to be made

For such a guest is meet. a-ah.

[Throws up another skull.]

Ham. There's another. Why may not that be the skull of a lawyer? Where be his quiddits now, his quillets, his cases, his tenures, and his tricks? Why does he suffer this rude knave now to knock him about the sconce with a dirty shovel, and will not tell him of his action of battery? I will speak to this fellow. Whose grave's this, sirrah?

1st Grave. Mine, sir.

(Sings.) Oh, a pit of clay for to be made
For such a guest is meet.

Ham. I think it be thine, indeed; for thou liest in it.

1st Grave. (Digging.) You lie out on't, sir; and therefore it is not yours; for my part, I do not lie in't, yet it is mine.

Ham. Thou dost lie in't, to be in't, and say it is thine; 'tis for the dead, not for the quick; therefore thou liest.

1st Grave. 'Tis a quick lie, sir; 'twill away again from me to you.

Ham. What man dost thou dig it for?

1st Grave. For no man, sir.

Ham. What woman, then?

1st Grave. For none neither.

Ham. Who is to be buried in't?

1st Grave. One that was a woman, sir; but, rest her soul! she's dead.

✓
Crosses behind and sits on tomb

R- Horatio below him on the R,

Ham. How absolute the knave is! We must speak by the card, or equivocation will undo us. How long hast thou been a grave-maker?

1st Grave. (Leans on his spade.) Of all the days i'the year, I came to't that day that our last King Hamlet overcame Fortinbras.

Ham. How long is that since?

1st Grave. Cannot you tell that? every fool can tell that; it was that very day that young Hamlet was born; he that is mad, and sent into England.

Ham. Ay, marry, why was he sent into England?

1st Grave. Why, because he was mad. He shall recover his wits there; or, if he do not, 'tis no great matter there.

Ham. Why?

1st Grave. 'Twill not be seen in him there; there the men are as mad as he.

Ham. How came he mad?

1st Grave. Very strangely, they say.

Ham. How strangely?

1st Grave. 'Faith, e'en with losing his wits.

Ham. Upon what ground?

1st Grave. Why, here in Denmark. I have been sexton here, man and boy, thirty years.

Ham. How long will a man lie i'the earth ere he rot?

1st Grave. (Sitting on the side of the grave, his face towards the audience.) 'Faith, if he be not rotten before he die, he will last you some eight year, or nine year: a tanner will last you nine year.

Ham. Why he more than another?

1st Grave. Why, sir, his hide is so tanned with his trade, that he will keep out water a great while; and your water is a sore decayer of your whoreson dead body. (Stands in the grave again, and turns over the earth and bones thrown up.) Here's a skull, now, hath lain you i'the earth three-and-twenty years.

Ham. Whose was it?

1st Grave. A whoreson mad fellow's it was. Whose do you think it was:

Ham. Nay, I know not.

1st Grave. A pestilence on him for a mad rogue! (Pats

2

KingQueenLaertesBernardoMarcellusFrancisco,6 Lords6 Ladies Basket of flowers4 PagesPriest - Books,AllAct,

"on this ground, here in Denmark"

Ready Bell
to Toll,

Ready Music

Horatio gets round behind
Hamlet - takes skull from
Gravedigger and gives it
to Hamlet.

o Horatio smiles

v Horatio gives skull back to
Gravedigger and gets a
round to R of Hamlet.

// Bell Tolls each time

the skull with his hand.) He poured a flaggon of Rhenish on my head once! This same skull, sir, was Yorick's skull, the king's jester. + [*Gives skull up to Hamlet, R.*

Ham. This?

1st Grave. E'en that,

Ham. Alas! poor Yorick! I knew him, Horatio; a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy. He hath borne me on his back a thousand times. Here hung those lips that I have kissed I know not how oft. Where be your gibes now? your gambols? your songs? your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table in a roar? Not one now, to mock your own grinning? quite chap-fallen? Now get you to my lady's chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favor she must come: make her laugh at that.—Pr'ythee, Horatio, tell me one thing?

Hor. What's that, my lord?

Ham. Dost thou think that Alexander looked o'this fashion i' the earth?

Hor. E'en so.

Ham. And smelt so? pah! v [*Lays down the skull.*

Hor. E'en so, my lord.

Ham. To what base uses we may return, Horatio! Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander, till he find it stopping a bung-hole?

Hor. 'Twere to consider too curiously, to consider so.

Ham. No, 'faith, not a jot; but to follow him thither with modesty enough, and likelihood to lead it; As thus, Alexander died, Alexander was buried, Alexander returneth into dust; the dust is earth; of earth we make loam: and why of that loam, whereto he was converted, might they not stop a beer-barrel?

Imperious Cæsar, dead and turned to clay,

Might stop a hole to keep the wind away:

Oh, that that earth, which kept the world in awe,
Should patch a wall, t'expel the winter's flaw! [*Bell tolls.*

But soft! but soft! aside:—here comes the king,

The queen, the courtiers. Who is this they follow?

And with such maimed rites? This doth betoken,

The corse they follow did, with desperate hand,

Foredo its own life. 'Twas of some estate :
Couch we awhile, and mark.

[Retires with Horatio, R.—Bell tolls.]

Enter KING, QUEEN, LAERTES, Lords, Ladies, Priests, &c.
through the gates, attending the corpse of OPHELIA, L.U.E.
—(Bell tolls.)—Attendants, with torches, stand up the
L. side of stage. King and Queen stand c. beyond the
grave.. Priest at R. end. 1st Grave-digger, at the L.
end.

Laer. (L.) What ceremony else ?

Ham. (R.) That is Laertes,

A very noble youth.

[Aside to Horatio.]

Priest. Her obsequies have been as far enlarged
As we have warranty. Her death was doubtful ;
And, but that great command o'ersways the order,
She should in ground unsanctified have lodged
Till the last trumpet ; for charitable prayers,
Shards, flints, and pebbles should be thrown on her ;
Yet here she is allowed her virgin rites,
Her maiden strewments, and the bringing home
Of bell and burial.

Laer. Must there no more be done ?

Priest. No more be done ?

We should profane the service of the dead,
To sing a requiem, and such rest to her
As to peace-parted souls.

Laer. Lay her i' the earth ;—

And from her fair and unpolluted flesh,
May violets spring !—I tell thee, churlish Priest,
A minist'ring angel shall my sister be,
When thou liest howling.

Ham. What, the fair Ophelia !

Queen. Sweets to the sweet : farewell !

[Takes a basket from a Lady, and scatters flowers.]

I hoped thou shouldst have been my Hamlet's wife :
I thought thy bride-bed to have decked, sweet maid,
And not have strewed thy grave.

Laer. Oh, treble woe,

Fall ten times treble on that cursed head,
Whose wicked deed thy most ingenious sense

Dead March on Stage L.
Bell at intervals till all
ow.

Laertes repeats
"What ceremony else?"

Order of Procession

1. Priest

2. Coffin and 4 Lady Bearer

3. Laertes.

4. King and Queen

5. Pages - Basket of Flowers.

6. Lords and Ladies two and two.

7. Marcellus, Bernardo and Francisco.

Lords & Ladies King and Queen Lords & Ladies

Priest Laertes

Ber

Frav

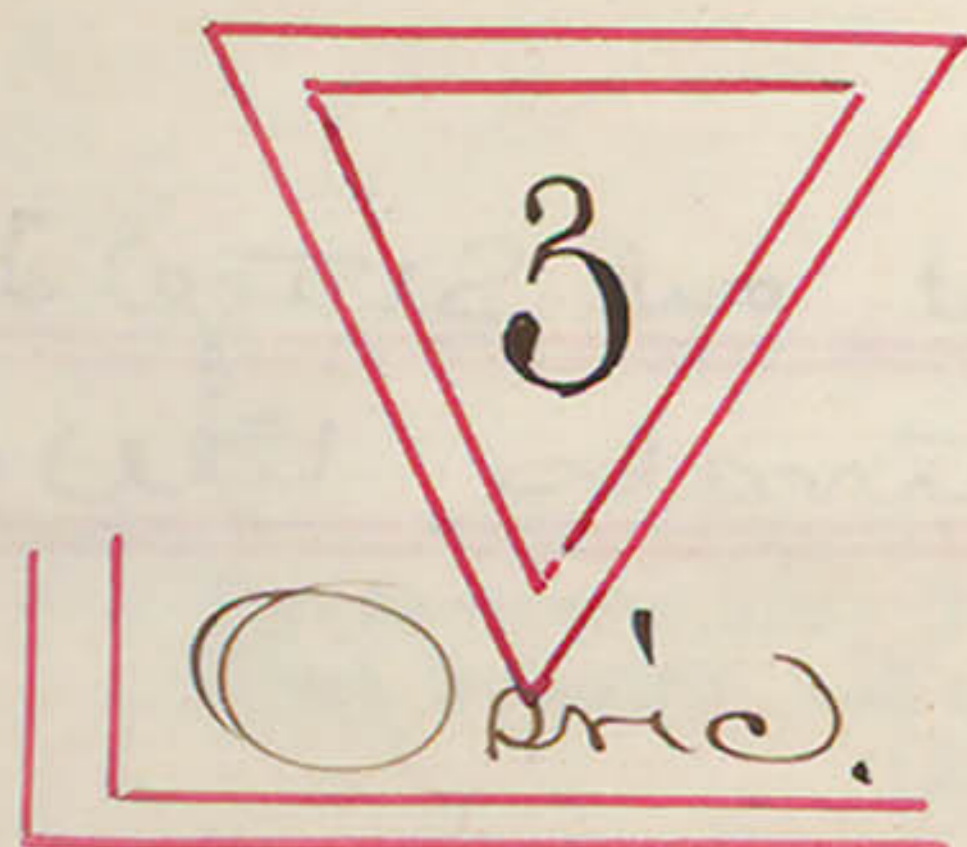
Mar.

Ham.

Hor.

R

L.



King and Queen advance,
Densation among all the
characters

Horatio advances toward
Hamlet R. - Marcellus comes
down L. - Ham and Laertes
part.

Hamlet goes up. Horatio on
his R. Priest on his L. sup-
porting him.



Deprived thee of!—Hold off the earth awhile,
Till I have caught her once more in mine arms:

..... *[Leaps into the grave.]*
Now pile your dust upon the quick and dead,
'Till of this flat a mountain you have made.
To o'ertop old Pelion, or the skyish head
Of blue Olympus.

Ham. (Advancing.) What is he whose grief
Bears such an emphasis? Whose phrase of sorrow
Conjures the wand'ring stars, and makes them stand
Like wonder-wounded hearers? This is I,
Hamlet the Dane.

Laer. (R. c.) The devil take thy soul!

[Leaping out of the grave, and grappling with him.]

Ham. Thou pray'st not well.

I prythee, take thy fingers from my throat;
For, though I am not splenetic and rash,
Yet have I in me something dangerous,
Which let thy wisdom fear. Hold off thy hand!

King. Pluck them asunder. *[They are parted.]*

Ham. Why, I will fight with him upon this theme,
Until my eyelids will no longer wag.

Queen. Oh, my son! what theme?

Ham. I loved Ophelia; forty thousand brothers
Could not, with all their quantity of love,
Make up my sum! What wilt thou do for her?

Queen. Oh, he is mad, Laertes.

Ham. Come, show me what thou'lt do:
Woul't weep? woul't fight? woul't fast? woul't tear thy-
self?

Woul't drink up Esil—eat a crocodile?
I'll do't. Dost thou come herè but to whine?
To outface me with leaping in her grave?
Be buried quick with her, and so will I:
And, if thou prate of mountains, let them throw
Millions of acres on us; till our ground,
Singing his pate against the burning zone,
Make Ossa like a wart! Nay, an thou'lt mouth,
I'll rant as well as thou.

Queen. (L.) This is mere madness;
And thus awhile the fit will work on him;

E

Anon, as patient as the female dove,
When that her golden couplets are disclosed,
His silence will sit drooping.

Ham. Hear you, sir ;
What is the reason that you use me thus ?
I loved you ever ; but it is no matter :
Let Hercules himself do what he may,
The cat will mew, and dog will have his day. [Exit, R.]

King. I pray thee, good Horatio, wait upon him. [Exit Horatio, R.]
Strengthen your patience in our last night's speech ;
[To Laertes.]

We'll put the matter to the present push.
Good Gertrude set some watch over your son.
This grave shall have a living monument. [Bell tolls]

SCENE II.—A Hall in the Palace.

Enter HAMLET and HORATIO, R.

Ham. But I am very sorrow, good Horatio,
That to Laertes I forgot myself ;
For, by the image of my cause, I see
The portraiture of his.

Hor. Peace. Who comes here ?

Enter OSRICK, L.

Osr. (L.) Your lordship is right welcome back to Denmark.

Ham. (R. c.) I humbly thank you, sir. Dost know this water-fly ? [Aside to Horatio.]

Hor. (R. c.) No, my good lord.

Ham. Thy state is the more gracious : for, 'tis a vice to know him.

Osr. Sweet lord, if your lordship were at leisure, I should impart a thing to you from his majesty.

Ham. I will receive it, sir, with all diligence of spirit.—Your bonnet to his right use ; 'tis for the head.

Osr. I thank your lordship, 'tis very hot.

Ham. No, believe me, 'tis very cold, the wind is northerly.

Osr. It is indifferent cold ; my lord, indeed.

Laertes turns away.

Bell Tolls —
Close in.

Ham. But yet, methinks, it is very sultry and hot ; or my complexion—

Osr. Exceedingly, my lord ; it is very sultry—as 'twere—I cannot tell how.—My lord, his majesty bade me signify to you, that he has laid a great wager on your head ; sir, this is the matter—

Ham. I beseech you, remember—

[*Signs to him to put on his hat.*]

Osrick. (c.) Nay, good my lord ; for my ease, in good faith—Sir, here is newly come to court, Laertes ; believe me, an absolute gentleman, full of most excellent differences, of very soft society, and great showing ; indeed, to speak feelingly of him, he is the card or calendar of gentry ; for you shall find in him, the continent of what part a gentleman would see.

Ham. What imports the nomination of this gentleman ?

Osrick. Of Laertes ?

Ham. Of him, sir.

Osrick. You are not ignorant of what excellence Laertes is—

Ham. I dare not confess that, lest I should compare with him in excellence ; but, to know a man well, were to know himself.

Osrick. I mean, sir, for his weapon.

Ham. What is his weapon ?

Osrick. Rapier and dagger.

Ham. That's two of his weapons :—But, well—

Osrick. The king, sir, hath wagered with him, six Barbary horses ; against the which he hath impawned, as I take it, six French rapiers and poniards, with their assigns, as girdle, hangers, and so: Three of the carriages, in faith, are very dear to fancy, very responsive to the hilts, most delicate carriages, and of very liberal conceit.

Ham. What call you the carriages ?

Osrick. The carriages, sir, are the hangers.

Ham. The phrase would be more german to the matter, if we could carry a cannon by our sides. But on.

Osrick. The king, sir, hath laid, that in a dozen passes between yourself and him, he shall not exceed you three hits : and it would come to immediate trial, if your lordship would vouchsafe the answer.

Ready Blowish,

Ham. How, if I answer no?

Osrick. I mean, my lord, the opposition of your person in trial.

Ham. Sir, it is the breathing time of day with me: let the foils be brought; the gentleman willing, and the King hold his purpose, I will win for him, if I can; if not, I will gain nothing but my shame, and the odd hits.

Osrick. Shall I deliver you so?

Ham. To this effect, sir: after what flourish your nature will.

Osrick. I commend my duty to your lordship. [*Exit, L.*]

Hor. (L.) You will lose this wager, my lord.

Ham. (c.) I do not think so; since he went into France, I have been in continual practice; I shall win at the odds. But thou wouldst not think, how ill all's here about my heart: but it is no matter.

Hor. Nay, good my lord—

Ham. It is but foolery: but it is such a kind of gain giving, as would, perhaps, trouble a woman.

Hor. If your mind dislike anything, obey it: I will forestall their repair hither, and say you are not fit.

Ham. Not a whit, we defy augury; there is a special providence in the fall of a sparrow. [*Exeunt, L.*]

SCENE III.—The Court of Denmark

KING and QUEEN, seated; LAERTES, OSRICK, MARCELLUS, BERNARDO, FRANCISCO, Lords, and Ladies discovered.—
Flourish of Trumpets.

Enter HAMLET and HORATIO, L.

King. (*Rises and comes forward, c.*) Come, Hamlet, and take this hand from me.

[*Joining Hamlet's and Laertes' hand.*]

Ham. (c.) Give me your pardon, sir; I've done you wrong. [*To Laertes*]

But pardon it, as you're a gentleman.

Let my disclaiming from a purposed evil,
Free me so far in your most generous thoughts,
That I have shot my arrow o'er the house,
And hurt my brother.

Laer. (c.) I am satisfied in nature,

Do everything ready behind
then
Change.

Flourish kept up till
Hamlet is on L.C.

Ready Flourish

Oerick gives the foils; go-
ing first to Hamlet,

Francisco places goblet on
the table,

Francisco kneels presenting cup.

Drumish and Ordnance.
Ready Drumish

Gives cup back to Francisco

Whose motive, in this case, should stir me most
To my revenge:—

I do receive your offered love like love,
And will not wrong it.

Ham. I embrace it freely;
And will this brother's wager frankly play.
Give us the foils.

Laer. Come, one for me.

Ham. I'll be your foil, Laertes; in mine ignorance,
Your skill shall, like a star i'the darkest night,
Stick fiery off indeed.

Laer. You mock me, sir.

Ham. No, by this hand.

King. Give them the foils, young Osrick. Cousin Ham-
let,

You know the wager? [Returns to the throne.]

Ham. Very well, my lord;
Your grace hath laid the odds o'the weaker side.

King. I do not fear it; I have seen you both;—
But since he's bettered, we have therefore odds.

Laer. (R.) (Examining the foils.) This is too heavy;
let me see another.

Ham. (L.) This likes me well—these foils have all a
length?

Osrick. (R.) Ay, my good lord.

King. (Seated on the throne.) Set me the stoups of wine
upon that table; ✓

If Hamlet give the first or second hit,
Or quit in answer of the third exchange,
Let all the battlements their ordnance fire;
The king shall drink to Hamlet's better breath,
And in the cup an union shall he throw,
Richer than that which four successive kings
In Denmark's crown have worn.—Give me the cups; ✗

[To Francisco.]

And let the kettle to the trumpet speak—
The trumpet to the cannoneer without—
The cannons to the heavens—the heaven to earth—

Now the king drinks to Hamlet. ○ [Drinks.]
[Drums and trumpets sound.—Cannons within.]

Come, begin; ✗
And you, the judges, bear a wary eye.

She is borne off L U &
by the ladies.

|| All time toward Laertes,

∨
Excitement and movement
of all the characters to
protect the king.

All the characters rush down
to the front R.

Ready Dead March

⊙
Takes the cup from Francisco

Ham. How does the Queen?

King. She swoons to see them bleed.

Queen. No, no, the drink, ~~the drink~~.—Oh, my dear Hamlet!—

The drink, ~~the drink~~.—I am poisoned. #

[*She is led off, L. U. R.*]

Ham. Oh, villainy!—Ho! let the door be locked—
Treachery! seek it out.

Laer. It is here, Hamlet. #—Hamlet, thou art slain;
No medicine in the world can do thee good;
In thee there is not half an hour's life;
The treacherous instrument is in thy hand,
Unbated, and envenomed; the foul practice
Hath turned itself on me; lo, here I lie,
Never to rise again; thy mother's poisoned;—
I can no more: the king, the king's to blame.

Ham. (c.) The point
Envenomed too! Then, venom, to thy work!
Here, thou incestuous, murd'rous, damned Dane,
Follow my mother.

Osrick and Lords. Treason, treason!

[*Hamlet stabs the King, staggers, and falls in*
front of stage. [*King dies.*]

Laer. He is justly served.

Exchange forgiveness with me, noble Hamlet:
Mine and my father's death come not upon thee.
Nor thine on me!

[*Dies.* # #]

Ham. Heaven make thee free of it! I follow thee.
You that look pale, and tremble at this chance,
That are but mutes or audience to this act,
Had I but time, (as this fell sergeant, death,
Is strict in his arrest,) Oh, I could tell you—
But let it be.—Horatio,
Report me and my cause aright
To the unsatisfied:

Hor. Never, believe it;
I am more an antique Roman than a Dane.
Here's yet some liquor left. ⊙

[*Takes the cup.*]

Ham. As thou'rt a man— [Throws away the cup.]
Give me the cup—let go—by heaven, I'll have it.
Oh, good Horatio, what a wounded name,

Things standing thus unknown, shall live behind me!
 If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart,
 Absent thee from felicity awhile,
 And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain,
 To tell my story.—
 Oh! I die, Horatio!
 The potent poison quite o'erthrows my spirit—
 The rest is silence.

[Dies.]

oh! — oh! — oh! — oh! — #

THE END.

▽ Dead March pp.

Dead March forte

Slow Curtain.

1787

1788

1789